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ENGLAND, EUROPE, AND EGYPT.

THE echoes of the German EMPEROR's speech are still widening, and very curious indeed some of the reverberations are. It would indeed be carrying things too far, in seeking to discover how these reverberations affect, or may affect, English interests, to journey to the Upper Punjab, where Major BATTYE has followed numberless kinsmen in dying for England, or to Sikkim, where it appears that all is uncertainty, except that the Chinese Commissioner has certainly not "yet made his influence felt" in any salutary fashion, even if he has any influence to exert and any mind to exert it. But it is by no means so clear that the rumours about some fresh meddling of MUKHTAR PASHA in Egypt, which Sir JAMES FERGUSSON rather fenced with than positively denied on Monday, are totally unconnected with what is presumed by some to be a new departure in German policy. The disturbed state of Bulgaria, not quieted even by the judicious but rather tardy exercise of Prince FERDINAND's prerogative in the POPOFF case, as well as other events nearer home, are pretty certainly connected therewith. Even such trifles as the intrinsically absurd suggestion of a German newspaper that the EMPEROR made no mention in his speech of England (a Power which he had no conceivable reason to mention) because of his indignation at an English physician for not despairing of his father's life, are not wholly unworthy of attention. No statesman, no politician, even of moderate intelligence, would accept such a theory, without further evidence, to convict an untried Sovereign of such an egregious combination of unnatural sentiment and puerile vindictiveness. But, as Germany is certainly no exception to the general rule of other nations, and as it no doubt, like those others, produces abundance of fools, this and similar statements may obtain a certain amount of credence, and so do a certain amount of harm.

The general opinion of the Continent appears to be that, at any rate in some respects, a *rapprochement* between Germany and Russia is still possible, if not probable, and the approaching meeting of the EMPERORS is taken as heralding it. Russians anticipate this with natural, if rather imprudent, joy; Austrians with not unnatural, but surely unreasonable, uneasiness. For, despite the perfectly plain language of the speech as to the engagements with Austria and the exceeding vagueness of its personal references to the CZAR, there appears to be an idea abroad that "something is to be done" by Germany for Russia, and that this something can only be a furtherance, in whatever manner or degree, of the Russian designs, so long frustrated, on the independence of Bulgaria. Russian newspapers chuckle; and some Austro-Hungarian spokesmen, like Count ALBERT APPONYI, demand with the vehemence usual to Outs that the Ins shall defend Austro-Hungary against this danger. To all which it can only be replied that it will be Austria's fault if any such danger happens. She has not only the spirit but the letter of the law on her side; and, in default of some extraordinary bungling on the part of her statesmen, she can without the slightest difficulty so manage matters that Russia, whatever nods and winks Germany may give, shall not be able to effect her purpose without hostile measures against Austria herself. And then the formal assurance, not to be explained away by any means, not to be evaded without an indelible stain on the honour of the new German monarch, comes in—the assurance that an attack on the allies of Germany is, and will be, held a good reason for drawing the German sword. No doubt, as Prince BISMARCK has repeatedly said, Germany has no intention of drawing the sword for Bulgaria as Bulgaria. But she would not conceivably be asked to draw it for Bulgaria as Bulgaria; she would be asked to

draw it because brothers-in-arms and co-partners in business were attacked, in order that a third Power might violate the public law of Europe. And unless the whole ten, not to say twenty, years' policy of Prince BISMARCK is to break up, it is impossible to see how she could refuse.

The statement as to suggestions of the SULTAN's representative in Egypt, to which Sir JAMES FERGUSSON referred on Monday, is of more direct interest to England. In itself, of course, even if it were entirely and absolutely true, it would matter little. Despite the relations of the SULTAN to Egypt, a suggestion from MUKHTAR PASHA, or any other Pasha, that it is time for England to go has no more pertinence or weight than a suggestion to the same effect made by any tourist who is crossing from Suez to Port Said. We have made very large allowance for the SULTAN's rights, but in this particular we can admit none, even if it were probable that the claim is seriously made. It is very interesting to know that MUKHTAR PASHA, a distinguished, though not wholly fortunate, soldier, is of opinion that, since only a frontier tribe or two in Upper Egypt is in arms, "there is no necessity for the English to remain." But the English think differently, and there's an end on't. At the same time it is by no means certain that this representation has not been made with one eye to the supposed changes in European affairs, and another to the altered administration of the KHEDIVE, owing to the trouble with NUBAR. Its real purpose is, of course, not the same as its ostensible purpose. A Power in the very peculiar and far from pleasing situation of the Porte is naturally tempted, if not necessitated in reason, to try at each new change of affairs to get hold of any new support, any new claim on an old friend, any way of enticing a new one. On the whole, neither the present SULTAN nor any other occupant of the Turkish throne at any time who retains his faculty of judgment and permits the facts to be laid before him, is at all likely to find, or expect to find, a better friend than England. England, indeed, may not be disposed to assist Turkey as she assisted her a third of a century ago, but certainly no other Power is better disposed. And, while England wants nothing of Turkey's unless it becomes perfectly certain that Turkey is unable to keep her own possessions any longer, any other Power from Russia downwards is certain to charge a heavy, if not a ruinous, price for assistance given, or even for assistance promised. But it is apparently thought good in Turkish quarters now and then to remind England in a friendly way that Turkey is there, and this representation, if it be not an invention, is probably one of the reminders.

It is not improbable, however, that some questions of moment will shortly come up in the Egyptian matter, and we should like to feel a little surer than we are that the English Government is prepared to look at them from the right side. Among the discordant and uncertain news about the STANLEY Expedition, one thing appears at least possible—to wit, that the adventurer is actually emerging, perhaps after a good deal of hard fighting, from the Noman's Land between the Aruwihini and the Nile. It would appear nearly certain that such is the idea held by the successors of the MAHDI in the great region of once Egyptian territory that stretches from the Equator to the desert. Now, if this should come true, it will hardly be possible to pay no attention at all to the matter. No doubt, in accordance with our modern chivalrous practice, Mr. STANLEY, Major BARTELOT, and their companions were given to understand that the English Government washed its hands of them, except to the most limited extent. But if, as is perfectly possible in those regions, STANLEY and EMIN, or STANLEY alone, practically re-establish the sovereignty which was once exercised by BAKER and by GORDON, what then? Is Egypt, in the true spirit of Mr. GLADSTONE's original *refuto*,

to be forbidden to re-extend her sway in this direction? Are the restorers of something like civilization to be left to themselves? Is the already rather shadowy and doubtful Congo State to be extended to the Nile? Or, lastly, and in the present temper of more than one or two European nations most likely, is some other European Power to be allowed, for the first time for nearly two hundred years, to snatch the flag of colonizing conquest out of English hands, to found a new empire in Africa, and, in founding it, to shut up that empire to the English trade which is already almost desperate for new outlets? These things have to be thought of, and must be thought of. It is not as though Egypt were, even at the present moment, in the enjoyment of profound peace everywhere. On the contrary, the warfare at Souakim is incessant, and yet Souakim, except as the port of the Soudan, is utterly valueless. There is, of course, no question of a fresh Khartoum expedition, nor is there any need of it. All that there is need of could be done in the still very uncertain case of a victorious meeting of STANLEY and EMIN almost by a nod of the English head and by the opening, not very deeply, of the Egyptian purse. But what is of most importance is to remember that, if the STANLEY Expedition succeeds, something, no matter what, will in all probability have to be done, and to get ready to do it as well as may be.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CALCULATIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE is always, in the language of athletes, "cutting the record." A careful study of his speeches furnishes no proof that he has at any time reached the climax of extravagance. On Friday in last week he had, with exemplary good faith, executed his part of his lavish bargain with the promoter of the Channel Tunnel. On Saturday, in the grounds of one of the many suburban villas which are successively honoured by his presence, he enunciated the most deliberate and systematic defiance of law which he has yet ventured to produce. GOETHE, if he is accurately quoted by Lord TENNYSON, held that "men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." Mr. GLADSTONE, when he has propounded some startling moral paradox, first converts himself to an earnest belief in his own invention, and then proceeds to construct a new superstructure on his previous illusion. His earlier denunciations of the Crimes Act were directed against its supposed impolicy; and on convenient occasions he also inveighed against the administration of the law. His exhortation to remember Mitchelstown implied that in a conflict between the police and a turbulent assemblage the defenders of order were necessarily in the wrong. He afterwards imagined, or accepted on insufficient authority, such legends as Colonel DORRING's attempt to shoot a little boy, and the cavalry charge which was never made by another officer. He now censures in detail, obviously on insufficient information, the judicial inquiries and decisions of the functionaries who are charged with the interpretation and enforcement of the law in Ireland. It is not the fault of the resident magistrates that they are empowered and required to hear and decide charges of resistance to the law. Mr. GLADSTONE professes that he would be satisfied if the alleged offenders were convicted by juries. That in many parts of Ireland it would be impossible to obtain an honest verdict is an objection far too simple and conclusive to commend itself to Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment. His satellites furnish him with the supposed details of every case in which an irregularity is said to have been committed. It is probable that the accounts which he receives were in the majority of cases inaccurate or fictitious, and if the law has been anywhere violated the grievance admits of a legal remedy.

One objection which, if it had been made and maintained, would discredit the administration of the law in Ireland, has not been raised even by Mr. GLADSTONE. A week hence he may perhaps have convinced himself that the decisions of the magistrates are not justified by the facts; but up to this time he has not pledged himself to the innocence of a single defendant who has been convicted. They are, of course, all free from moral guilt, and indeed their acts are, in Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment, highly meritorious; but the martyrs who are sent to prison for attending illegal meetings or for persecution of their neighbours have assuredly committed the acts of which they are accused. Mr. GLADSTONE's quarrel is with the law itself, and with the magistrates because they do their duty. His passionate

enthusiasm for trial by jury, especially where the jurors are likely to perjure themselves, was neither shared by the present Parliament when it passed the Crimes Act nor entertained by himself when as Prime Minister he passed a similar measure. In England the enormous majority of offences against the law are tried and determined by magistrates unencumbered by juries. The traditional belief in the competence of juries to decide disputed issues of fact is still widely held; but in most of the cases which come before the Irish resident magistrates there is no serious contest as to the facts. Mr. DILLON has neither denied nor retracted his threats against all who might desire to oppose the popular movement. He was consciously and intentionally breaking the law, nor has he at any time professed to treat it with respect. Mr. GLADSTONE, like Mr. DILLON, finds fault with the law; but it is only of late that he has formulated his doctrine of the moral invalidity of any laws of which he may disapprove.

In his speech of last Saturday Mr. GLADSTONE, for the first time, pledged himself to approval of the Plan of Campaign. The scheme has not yet been formally sanctioned even by Mr. PARNELL. It has been condemned as illegal by the highest Irish tribunal, and it may be added, though no additional authority was needed, that the POPE has warned the Catholic priests and people against the practice on moral and religious grounds. Mr. GLADSTONE has a morality of his own, and he differs from all who regard either positive law or the rules of common honesty. "How can you," he argues, "say that they are wrong who, by the Plan of Campaign, save the people from eviction and starvation?" He is, of course, fully aware that many of the bodies of tenants who have adopted the Plan were well able to pay their rents, and were entirely free from danger of starvation. He proceeds to erect into a theory the right of defying the law when it meets with the disapproval of the transgressor. "I lament everything in the nature of machinery for governing a country outside the regular law of the country, . . . but there are many circumstances in which it is a smaller evil to use that machinery than to leave the Irish people to perish." That a country should be governed not only without obedience to law, but in direct violation of its rules and principles, is, therefore, a contingency which, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, may be justified by many circumstances. If the Crimes Act were repealed, and even if Home Rule were conceded, some of many possible circumstances might be an excuse for defiance of the law. The power of determining whether the conditions of systematic lawlessness are satisfied is not expressly reserved to any tribunal. From the nature of the case the Government and the Legislature are expressly superseded and defied, and that portion of the community which is to be operated upon by machinery outside the law will protest in vain against anarchic tyranny. The voice which announces the suspension of law will probably be that of an ambitious demagogue whose political interests are identified with the triumph of sedition; but the manipulation of the machinery will be entrusted to those who have most to gain by the suppression of justice. It is of the essence of the Plan of Campaign that the terms of settlement are dictated with exclusive regard to its own benefit by one of two parties to a contract. It is evident that the same combination of violence with fraud will apply to all other transactions as well as to bargains between landlord and tenant. Another machinery outside the law will be provided by agrarian assassins. It will be observed that Mr. GLADSTONE's doctrine includes every relation of life in which legal right fails to conform to his own arbitrary opinion.

The substitution of private judgment, and, in this case, of personal interest, for law is a backward step in civilization. The usurping despots of ancient Greece almost uniformly commenced their encroachments by affecting the character of champions of the poor and by preaching disregard of unpopular laws. The danger of demoralizing a democratic community is still the same in character, though not in form. No former leader of an English political party has claimed for himself or his adherents superiority to the law. Mr. GLADSTONE's advocacy of the Plan of Campaign would be in itself sufficiently mischievous; but an isolated misconception of duty is less dangerous than the erection of immorality into a rule of conduct. It may be doubtful whether the agitators and fanatics who formed a portion of the garden party were prepared for the announcement of their leader that obedience to law was no longer a

paramount duty; but false doctrines have a tendency to reproduce themselves, and many extreme Radicals, if not the bulk of the party, will accept the new article of faith. It was perhaps by accident that Mr. GLADSTONE omitted his favourite contrast between the classes and the masses. The day before he had taunted the hated frequenters of Clubs with their opposition to the project of the Channel Tunnel; and it is true that the scheme is most strongly deprecated by the more intelligent and respectable part of the community. The same perverse body still believes in the binding authority of law, not the less because the triumph of anarchy would coincide with the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to office. There was a whimsical insincerity in the combination of a general apology for lawlessness with a detailed catalogue of the alleged technical errors of the resident magistrates.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

CRICKET in the weather of this week has been not unjustly called "mud-larking." On sound wickets and lively ground it is probable that Oxford and Cambridge are very equal in strength. But Oxford had shown all through the season extraordinary difficulty in playing an up-hill game. Their fiasco against Lancashire, and the weakness of every one but Lord GEORGE SCOTT in the match with M.C.C., gave a deplorable impression of lack of energy and pluck. It was known that their fielding was indifferent, though few expected to see a University Eleven field so badly as some of the Oxford men did at Lord's. In bowling they were a good deal discredited—too much perhaps—by the great innings made against them by Surrey, especially by the innings of Mr. W. W. READ. Cambridge, on the other hand, had in Mr. WOODS exactly the kind of bowler that a University Eleven finds most excellent, next to such a paragon of artifice as Mr. STEEL. Mr. WOODS proved a worthy successor of Mr. POWYS, Mr. COEDEN, and Mr. MORTON—a swift, straight, and dangerous wielder of the ball. Oxford has had no one like him since Mr. EVANS. The betting, if anything, was slight odds on Cambridge. But such a day as Monday might discomfit all calculations, and ought to have introduced the element of chance in unusual proportions. Play, of course, was impossible; but Cambridge had what little luck was going in winning the toss on the showery Tuesday which followed. Of course they took first innings, on a wicket not difficult, but with fielding ground on which it was hard to make the ball travel. Except for Mr. MEYRICK JONES, Cambridge played for the most part, even in the second innings, with the safety that makes for a draw rather than with the dash that makes for a win. The earlier bats on the Oxford side acted in a much more spirited way, notably Mr. THESIGER. But Mr. GRESSON and Mr. THESIGER enjoyed one piece of good fortune. Cambridge had to bowl with a wet and slippery ball. To return to the order of events. Mr. COCHRANE certainly bowled very well and steadily all through the Cambridge inningses. The catch by which Mr. CROOME disposed of Mr. MORDAUNT, from a hard low hit to the left hand, was worthy of Oxford fielding as it used to be. But the partnership of Mr. BUTLER and Mr. THOMAS ought to have been broken up in the beginning. The mischances and missed chances of the Oxford point, so brilliant a field when a catch is not in question, need not be counted, and have been sufficiently commented on by spectators of the game. The scores of Mr. GOSLING (29) and Mr. MEYRICK JONES (16) were capital played for, and just turned the balance in favour of Cambridge. Mr. FOWLER, the fast bowler, added to the Oxford Eleven at the last moment, bowled the last two wickets clean, and, on the whole, the choice of Mr. FOWLER was justified by events. The Cambridge score of 175 was far from a bad score in the circumstances. Mr. NEPEAN's bowling has somehow passed away from him; an incalculable loss to Oxford. Yet the wicket would have well suited such a slow bowler as Mr. H. G. TYLECOTE. Mr. NEPEAN seemed to bowl too low. His fielding, with that of Mr. THESIGER, and the excellent wicket-keeping of Mr. PHILIPSON, shone by comparison with the too prevalent clumsiness.

Oxford began badly, losing Mr. SIMPSON to a piece of stumping by Mr. MCGREGOR off Mr. FORD. Mr. GRESSON played well for his 30, but finally fell in attempting a favourite, but very dangerous and awkward, hit across. This hit does far more harm than good, in the long run, to a batsman's average, while it is an outrage on the dignity of art. Of Mr. THESIGER's hitting for his 26

we have already spoken; he was bowled by a difficult delivery of Mr. BUXTON's. Wednesday was wet in the morning, and Mr. WOODS, finding a "spot," made dreadful havoc of Oxford. Lord GEORGE SCOTT and Mr. PHILIPSON were playing admirably, however, and Mr. WOODS had been knocked off, when rain interfered; they had to leave the wickets for an hour, their "eyes" were "out," and Mr. WOODS pursued his career of devastation. By the way, his scores of 12 and 7 were very disappointing to spectators who had hoped to see lively cricket.

With 124, Oxford were 47 behind on the first innings. This is a good deal of leeway for an eleven to make up that is not famous for playing courageously. The second innings of Cambridge was even as the first. An American observer, accustomed to baseball, observed that the Oxford fieldsmen were "muffins." The criticism was as true as it was idiomatic. When Mr. NEPEAN missed his chance, he had the low sun in his eyes, as was, indeed, plain from his obvious need of a straw hat. Mr. FOWLER clearly misjudged his opportunity out "in the country"—misjudged it from the first. Over other failures to catch let a veil be drawn. Perhaps the rest of the fielding was livelier and cleaner than in the first innings; there was less kicking the ball about and not so many overthrows. We ought not to have omitted mention of the catches missed on the Cambridge side. But the Oxford men who were missed did not score afterwards; the Cambridge men did. Mr. CRAWLEY, last year's hero, and a most resolute bat, made but one run. But Mr. BUTLER's 26 was a good steady score. His artful putting away of the ball to leg cannot be overpraised, and no less must be said for Mr. BUXTON. Surely one of these gallant partners had the usual "life" at the hands of—a very unlucky fielder! The score, thanks to Mr. COCHRANE and Mr. FOWLER (who had very bad luck in morally bowling men without actually disturbing the bails), would have been small but for the capital hard-hit innings of Mr. MEYRICK JONES for 36. Mr. GOSLING aided him by a steady defence, and the Oxford bowling seemed to be fatigued. Mr. MEYRICK JONES had more fours than any other player to his name. The whole score—170—was a respectable and sufficiently serviceable achievement. Mr. COCHRANE got half the wickets in the two innings, and he, with Lord GEORGE SCOTT, carry off, we think, such slender honours as Oxford can claim. Throughout, we think, the luck was very equal. Lord GEORGE had his share when he ought to have been run out, had Mr. FORD plucked a stump forth from the ground, as, the bails being down, the laws of this land enjoin. The weather, obedient to a dogged determination that Oxford should not be defeated, kept up its end almost all Thursday, "sending down" showers of tropical directness. The audience waited with a great deal of pluck, but the storms were not to be tired out. Duck-shooting or other fensports might have been possible, but cricket was out of the question. Perhaps this is not to be regretted. The match was at the mercy of the weather, and it would have been a miracle if Oxford had made the necessary runs on the wicket. "Miracles do not happen," according to an eminent female theologian, and so Oxford would have been defeated by Fate and the laws of nature rather than by Cambridge. "Fate not CORYDON hath vanquished me," the elder University might have said, in a pretty pastoral manner. But the match in 1888 will long be remembered for damp and dreariness, dull batting, and bad fielding.

THE WELSH LAND QUESTION.

A MOTION introduced by Mr. THOMAS ELLIS for the extension to Wales of the agrarian legislation of Ireland would scarcely have deserved notice but for the strange circumstance that it was only rejected by a majority of 12. It is evident that the comparative number of votes in no degree represents the real feeling of the House of Commons. All the members who, in accordance with their own opinions or to please their constituents, were willing to support a revolutionary measure probably took care to be present. The Irish enemies of England, who had on the previous day consistently supported the anti-national scheme of the Channel Tunnel, had a better excuse than their Radical allies for approving Parliamentary interference with the rights of landowners. It was, therefore, not surprising that about a fifth part of the House should vote for the Resolution. The Conservatives and Moderate

Liberals must divide with the Government Whips the discredit of allowing Mr. ELLIS almost to snap a favourable division. If through negligence or indolence the House of Commons had once been formally committed to the spoliation of Welsh owners, not only would local agitation have become more formidable, but property in England and Scotland would have been seriously endangered. The smallness of the majority will to a certain extent produce the same effect. The long series of Irish Land Bills would perhaps never have been passed but for the repeated assurances of their promoters, and especially of Mr. GLADSTONE, that, on account of wide differences of law and of circumstances, they could furnish no precedent for legislation in other parts of the kingdom. It was truly said that in Ireland improvements had for the most part been made by the tenant, and that he was therefore legitimately entitled either to security of tenure or to compensation in case of eviction. It was almost unnecessary to remind Parliament that the conditions of tenure in England were of an entirely different character. The landlord has there in almost all cases provided the capital on which he is reasonably entitled to a return. There was on both sides freedom of contract, and it may be added that in a commercial and manufacturing country other modes of obtaining a livelihood were accessible besides the cultivation of the land. After the date of the principal Irish Land Acts, the great fall in the value of the land placed the tenant in a position to dictate terms to the landlord. In short, all parties were agreed that, except in Ireland, there was no plausible pretext for agrarian innovations.

In Wales and England there is absolute identity of the laws affecting the land, nor are the local variations of custom more extensive than among English counties or districts. Agricultural distress has been, on the whole, less severe in Wales, because in most parts of the Principality the farmers are less dependent than elsewhere on the growth of corn. The prices of wool, of sheep, and of store cattle are to a certain extent recovering, and there is no reason to believe that Welsh landlords have been less liberal in making allowances to their tenants than in other parts of the country. As Mr. LEIGHTON accurately asserted, the freeholders, who are exceptionally numerous in Wales, have suffered more severely than the tenant-farmers, because in bad times they have no fund to fall back upon representing the capital value of the land. Mr. RENDEL and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN perhaps surprised some of their colleagues by the admission that on the large estates there was no ground for complaint. It was not alleged that the properties of small owners were more numerous or more extensive in Wales than in England; but it is a well-known and intelligible fact that they are less able to practise indulgence to their tenants than their richer neighbours. Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD and the Land Reform Association may with advantage take notice of a notorious inconvenience which results from the multiplication of small holdings. The proprietor, who may have other occupations, or who may perhaps be a widow or an infant, must either be allowed to let a farm and to retain the right of reversion, or must be forced to sell under disadvantageous conditions. The petty freeholder, though he cannot afford to practise disinterested munificence, is not less fully entitled to the enjoyment of his property than an Englishman of the same class.

In the course of the debate an accidental interlude illustrated the impossibility of distinguishing for legislative purposes between two adjacent parts of the kingdom. Mr. RAIKES, whose property and residence are in a border county of Wales, had argued against the Resolution from his own experience. Another Welsh member objected that Mr. RAIKES knew little or nothing of the grievances of the Principality, because he lived in a district where no Welsh was spoken, and which was virtually a part of England. The same remark would apply to at least one Welsh county, and to large portions of the remainder; but it can scarcely be contended that the laws affecting land should vary with the alternations of hill and valley. The English-speaking parts of Wales are, as might be expected, the most civilized, but their inhabitants have no legal privileges which are not equally shared by their neighbours who still use the indigenous language. In Monmouthshire and in some outlying districts on the English side of the border, the Welsh language still lingers; but it is not seriously argued that the freehold ought to be transferred from the owner to the occupier wherever Welsh is spoken. If the landlords were guilty of all the vices and defaults which are imputed to

them by unscrupulous libellers, no advantage could result from a change of owners. It would be impossible to persuade their successors to use a language which affords them no means of communication except with their immediate neighbours. The agitators fail to explain the connexion between contracts relating to land and differences of speech or lineage. The Welsh farmer knows at least as well as any Englishman the rights which he has acquired by law or by agreement. For certain purposes he may use his ignorance of English as a means of defence or an instrument of combination. It seems impossible that it should be employed against him for purposes of oppression.

The employment of a vehicle of communication which is secure from correction or confutation naturally accustoms demagogues to a degree of violence which would be imprudent if its terms were intelligible. The most notorious promoter of Welsh discontent was lately allowed to publish in the *Times* a sufficiently plain statement of his demands and of the means by which he hopes to enforce them. His plagiarism of Irish projects of legislation seems to have produced an admiration of the methods which have hitherto been peculiar to the same country. The Welsh journalist, who is believed to be also a Dissenting minister, condescends to express a conventional preference for legal modes of action, if they are sufficient to accomplish their purpose. At the same time, he intimates that the patience of himself and his adherents will soon be exhausted, and that they are prepared, with or without the sanction of the law, to effect their objects. Their proposals are comparatively few and perfectly simple. They intend to abolish or appropriate the tithe rent-charge, to oust the landlord from his reversion at the end of the tenant's term, and to give the fee-simple to the tenant at a rent to be judicially fixed. One of their minor claims is to what they call "free rivers," or, in other words, to the seizure, without compensation, of all the fisheries which now belong to private owners. An instructive comment on the demand of security of tenure, or, in other words, of the abolition of existing ownership, was furnished by one of the grievances enumerated in the late debate. A Welsh member complained that small farms were too often let to labourers who had raised a little money, and who were willing and able to rise into the rank of farmers. He probably expressed with perfect fidelity the real purpose of his constituents or clients. A perpetuity of tenure, secured against the interference of the landlord and against the competition of the labourer, would give an unbought monopoly to the actual tenant of a farm. It would be interesting to learn whether reforming philanthropists are prepared to discourage an aspiration on the part of the labourer which seems in itself not discreditable.

The undisguised threat of rebellion in the event of refusal of Parliament to concede the lawless demands of the agitators need not at present excite serious alarm. There is no danger of civil war, though it has in some parts of North Wales been found necessary to employ both police and military in the suppression of prearranged riots. A more serious mischief is the encouragement by Parliamentary carelessness or connivance of revolutionary designs. Property has, until lately, enjoyed so perfect a security, that its owners are slow to be alarmed. One of the most insidious modes of attack is the substitution of local or provincial exceptions for general legislation. If the kingdom can first be split into fragments, vicious theories will obtain a footing in one part, to serve as a precedent in other districts. Recent attempts to detach Wales from England after centuries of undisputed union, though they find a pretext in supposed local discontent, have the ulterior object of facilitating unjust legislation in England. The expediency of the transfer of landed property from the owners to the occupiers could not be logically disputed by any Parliament which had consented to an agrarian revolution in Wales. There is no part of the kingdom in which the relations between landlord and tenant had been more amicable before the commencement of the recent agitation. Even now there is no reason to suppose that the movement is successful or popular; but, if the Government will not take the trouble of providing for the rejection of anarchical resolutions, and if a majority of members absent themselves during the discussion, an apparently contemptible agitation may become dangerous. Mr. GEE, the chief promoter, if not the author, of the Welsh agitation, has since the debate published a letter in which he candidly abstains from drawing any distinction between Wales and England in the liability of landowners to partial or total expropriation. He announces that he and his

friends will work the Principality, and he appeals to the Jacobins and Communists of England and Scotland, though not under those titles, to follow the same course in the rest of Great Britain. If the proposed victims are silent and passive, they will have themselves to blame for the result.

THE MURDER DEBATE IN THE LORDS.

IT may, perhaps, be contended—it is certainly no part of our purpose or desire to contest the contention—that devotion to the Gladstonian cause in itself obscures the judgment and perverts the reasoning faculties of man. But, whether this be so or not, it would certainly be difficult to find a more singular instance of such perverted reasoning and obscured judgment than certain Gladstonian comments on the debate on Lord CAMPERDOWN's observations in the House of Lords on Tuesday. The objections taken both in the House and out of it to the debate as such appear to be twofold; it was dreadful of Lord CAMPERDOWN and those who thought with him to associate the National League with murder, and it was more dreadful of them to do so just at the time when a certain trial was going on. To cap the climax this last objection was urged of all persons in the world by the very judge before whom the hearing of the case referred to was proceeding. Lord COLERIDGE, it seems, thought that it would be unworthy of him if he were not to express an opinion on the subject; he then disclaimed opinion, but declared that he felt deep regret (which it appears is not "expressing an opinion" at all) that the subject should be discussed; and, lastly, he said, in no doubt purposely mysterious-clear language, that it would make still more difficult a task difficult enough before. Now we venture to say that this utterance must be simply amazing to all tolerably clear-headed persons. If the denunciation of the crimes to which Lord CAMPERDOWN referred is taken by any one as damning with a deeper black the persons denounced for far earlier and quite different crimes in something which is alleged to be a libel, but which a jury has called "justifiable criticism," the fault will lie with Lord GRANVILLE, Lord COLERIDGE, and Lord HERSCHELL, and with them alone. It was proved and admitted that Lord CAMPERDOWN had given his notice at a time when it was not in the least known when the proceedings which these three noble lords dragged into the discussion would come on. As Lord SALISBURY pointed out with irresistible force, the murder of FITZMAURICE was not before the jury which was trying that other case, and even Mr. O'DONNELL or his counsel would not contend that he was charged with even the remotest complicity in it. In the whole of Lord CAMPERDOWN's speech, which entered into great detail, there was not a single word affecting the matters then under investigation in another place. And, if the contention of a Lord Chief Justice, an ex-Lord Chancellor, and a leader of the House of Lords for many years is correct, it must follow that in one of the two divisions of the High Court of Parliament—the Court where the grievances of all subjects ought to find perpetual free voice—the murders, the undoubted murders, of three of HER MAJESTY's lieges are to be passed *sub silentio* because somebody has accused somebody else of being directly or indirectly privy to certain other murders, and this accusation is at the time under judicial treatment. A more utterly monstrous doctrine we never heard, except Lord COLERIDGE's minor plea about his situation and its difficulty. If that plea is to be listened to, it might follow that a judge who is a peer should stay away from debates where he is afraid of such difficulties occurring; it might even follow that a judge should not be a peer at all. But in no possible case could it follow that a member of the House of Lords should be estopped from handling matters which it is his right and his duty as a member of that House to handle, and which are not themselves under any judicial taboo of any kind whatever.

Unlike Lord COLERIDGE, we can see no "difficulty" in keeping the charge against the National League in reference to the Plan of Campaign and of certain recent murders entirely distinct from those other matters to comment on which would, we admit, have been a day or two ago the gravest of improprieties. And we shall only suggest that the apparent terror of the friends of certain persons not unconcerned with both sets of charges, that they should be held guilty of that set the charging against them of which was not the subject of judicial examination, is neither a particularly good compliment nor a particularly clear sign

of confidence. But whether this be so or not, there is plentiful matter for comment, quite irrespective of any such burning questions. We shall not discuss Lord SPENCER's excuses for not putting down the National League, which amount to a simple confession of despair. But Lord SPENCER himself, Lord KIMBERLEY, and Lord GRANVILLE all argue that it is very cruel and very unjust to accuse the National League of crime because some of its members have been criminal. And apologists even more maladroit, taking this up outside, have asked whether the House of Lords is to be accused of the offences of which its "black sheep" are undoubtedly now and then guilty. The legendary cry of CROMWELL at Dunbar is the only one suitable to such a situation as this. The Upper Powers have, indeed, delivered into our hands persons who can argue in that sort of way. Even the silliest enemies of the House of Lords, even Sir JOHN BENNETT or Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE, would hardly say that when Lord A runs away with his neighbour's wife, or Lord B gives orders to his jockey to pull a horse, or Lord C figures in some disgraceful disturbance, these acts have any connexion with the general status, the political purposes and objects, the intention, so to speak, of the House of Lords as such. The contention in the other case is that these crimes which are charged against the National League are committed, in some cases indubitably by its agents, in others presumably by its orders, but in all with an object and purpose which further the objects and purposes of the League. Let us grant that the League does not murder people for the fun of the thing, like a villain of melodrama. What is urged is that the murders are the sanction of its rules, that the outrages are significant hints as to what may be expected by those who do not join it or submit to it, and that, if it could be proved as clearly as it is loudly asserted that the more potent the League in any place the less the amount of outrage, that proof would only establish the fact that outrages have done their work, and that the League, therefore, does not need the weapon. If the crimes charged against the Leaguers were crimes unconnected with the end and aim of the League, we should be the first to admit that the most complete bringing home of them to individuals would be irrelevant. But it is well known that they are nothing of the kind. They are the hammer, and the only hammer, to drive home the nail which the League is striving to insert, and therefore every rational man, when he sees the hammer fall, knows the arm that urged it.

"Ah, but," says Lord HERSCHELL, "you cannot prevent jurors taking an interest" in debates of the House of Lords, and Lord COLERIDGE, whether referring to the arduous task of restraining the greedy juror from reading newspapers, or to the effect produced on his own mind, speaks as we have seen. Now really this does seem to be—in plain language and dealing with the words as the words, not of two great legal personages on their benches, but of two ordinary peers in their House—preposterous nonsense. Mr. GLADSTONE made a long speech last Saturday which was reported in the papers read by the jurymen on their way to court on the first day of the trial. That speech bristled with references and allusions which were intended to make men sympathize, if not with "crime," certainly with "Parnellism." Was Mr. GLADSTONE guilty of contempt of court? Was every man who, during the whole course of a trial which might have lasted weeks, made a platform speech dealing with Ireland to make-believe that FITZMAURICE has not been murdered, that QUIRKE is alive, that the eminent Mr. TULLY, member of the National League, never made those pregnant and Ciceronian remarks which Lord CAMPERDOWN quoted? Let us, for Heaven's sake, clear our minds, whether we be peers or pawns, of such cant as this, the logical carrying out of which would be that, not twelve reasonable Englishmen cognizant of and interested in affairs, but twelve of the captives of romance just let out from lifelong confinement in a dungeon, would make the best jury, and some cloistered eremite the best judge.

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE FLEET.

IT is rather a pity that the coming naval manœuvres cannot be replaced by a friendly sudden invasion of the Scilly Isles. To be sure, there might be a difficulty about the hundred thousand men—which seems to be the neces-

sary number—the horses, the guns, the stores, and a few other things; but this might be got over by judicious imitation of the Marchioness and a proper use of the rule of three. Let us collect twenty thousand men, and trimmings—which we suppose could be done. Let it be considered that one hundred and eighty thousand tons of shipping can carry a hundred thousand. Let invisible ghosts do for the other eighty thousand warriors. Then let us go to work, and get the hundred and eighty thousand tons of shipping at a moment's notice, put our flesh-and-blood men and ghosts on board right away, and carry them off to the Scilly Isles under the protection of four-fifths of the mobilized fleet. The remaining fifth might be told off to come from Scilly, and get among the transports if they could. Here would be capital practice for the War Office and Admiralty, for sailors and for soldiers, in a kind of work they are certain to have to do in war. The embarking and disembarking of the troops would be better fun and better practice, too, than any field-day at Aldershot for the redcoats. For the bluejackets it would be as useful work as any they are likely to have to do this month. Finally, the combined manœuvres we have suggested would have the merit of bringing the sudden-invasion hypothesis to the test of experiment. They would show Lord WOLSELEY and his experts what collecting a fleet of one hundred and eighty thousand tons for transport purposes at a moment's notice would mean, and give the other experts who do not agree with him an opportunity of proving that they were not talking nonsense. Prophecy may be rash, but we will undertake to assert that the trial would do more to dispose of our old friend the invasion bugbear than any the most eloquent talk in House of Lords or eke of Commons. But these manœuvres will not take place this year, nor do we expect to hear of them in 1889, for this reason, if for no other, that they would give an immense amount of trouble of the most complicated kind, and could not be begun without early warning to railway Companies, coal merchants, and shipowners, and then carried on without dislocating half the business of the South of England. Possibly these considerations do, to some extent, detract from the usefulness of these proposed manœuvres; since, if we could not do our sudden invasion in peace, and, for the fun of the thing, in a hurry, countries with a less complete railway system and an incomparably smaller merchant shipping could not do it on the sly in war or peace. We must be satisfied with Lord SALISBURY's demonstration that the bugbear is a bugbear. The discussion in which the demonstration was given is now somewhat old, as the world goes, and we have a certain hope that it will not be the last of its kind; so there is no need to go back on it now. Indeed, if one goes back to debates in which one side declares that we could be pounced on by an irresistible foe to-morrow morning, and the other side says pooh-pooh; in which Alarmist A proves that we have fewer ships than the State of Glubbudubdrib, and Optimist B produces chapter and verse to show that we have more ships and better than Glubbudubdrib and Loggnagg put together, why stop at last week, why date, why not open *Hansard* at random? When Lord WEMYSS and Lord ELPHINSTONE have done contradicting one another, they have only proved that one of the two must be in the wrong, which does not advance the public understanding of the matter much.

The more modest manœuvres which are about to be carried on may be, however, abundantly useful in their way. All practice of this kind is no doubt more or less of a makebelieve, and in so far trenches a little on the ridiculous. There are no bullets in the cannons, and their absence makes the game very artificial. The worst that can happen to any admiral or captain is that the umpires should give their verdict against him, which is, after all, no very terrible fate, and therefore he can dash about and run risks (sham risks) in a highly reckless manner. Admiral FREMANTLE's attack of last year on Falmouth is an instance of the sort of thing which is done in manœuvres, but would hardly be done in war. If an admiral knew that a serious enemy was on the coast, he would not attract attention to his own whereabouts for the sake of smashing an inoffensive fishing town. Falmouth might be knocked into toothpicks without affecting the fighting power of England in the smallest degree. In actual war an enemy would know that any time he spent in doing that sort of thing was as good as wasted. Neither would the Admiral have come tearing into the Thames in the real game at the risk of being pinned up and destroyed man and mouse. No damage done to an enemy's merchant shipping would ever compensate a nation

for the loss of a whole squadron of its best or even worst war-ships. But no doubt in manœuvres enterprises of this character look well and are practice in evolutions. Still, we can do this year with less show and more business. It is to be hoped that Admirals TRYON, BAIRD, and ROWLEY will not waste time in going through the form of operations which in real war would do the other side no serious harm, and would justify reprisals. The bombardment of Falmouth would, or might, be followed by the destruction of Concarneau, and when both were in ruins a great many poor fellows with their wives and children would have been put to much suffering for no useful purpose at all. In modern warfare the combatants are not guilty of wanton destruction for the mere love of mischief, and the cheap newspaper swagger of which some French officers have been guilty may be treated with contempt. The Germans, whom it is the custom to hold up as an example, gave an excellent instance of the uselessness of mere cruelty in war by the premature bombardment of Strasburg. They did not shorten the siege by twenty-four hours, or weaken the garrison in the least, and they did raise a feeling of hatred which has by general consent helped materially to make them more unpopular than they need have been in Alsace. Stupid vigour is no better than other stupidity. No great importance need be attached to the complaint that the present manœuvres have been announced too long beforehand, and that the dockyards have been allowed an unfairly long time to prepare. War does not break out without previous quarrel. Any struggle in which we are likely to be engaged would assuredly be preceded by strained relations, which would be a warning. Unless the country was afflicted by a degree of imbecility which would render all mobilization plans useless, the interval before the beginning of actual fighting would be utilized in much the same way. If the dockyard officials have been engaged in putting aside coal and other stores, so as to be able to lay their hands on them at a moment's notice, that also is very good practice. The experience of the last three years or so in Europe is decidedly against the supposition that wars are likely to break out suddenly. It would appear, on the contrary, that the fear of what may follow on the beginning of hostilities is everywhere so intense that States prefer the heaviest strain of preparation and suspense.

Whatever the operations about to be carried through may turn out to be, they must afford a test of the quality of our ships and guns. To make them thoroughly useful, they should be allowed to be as public as possible. The newspaper correspondent is "the pest of modern armies," and quite capable of becoming the pest of fleets, no doubt. An unattached sea lawyer writing to the papers might be a serious nuisance in face of the enemy, but this is not war, and there is no enemy to be benefited by the publication of information. On the other hand, so much doubt of the value of our ships and guns has been caused by what is known, and so much more by what has been said, that it will be better to have the whole truth published. It is better that the worst—if there is a worst—should be known; and if there has been exaggeration, as we may pretty safely conclude there has been, it will be well also to have that proved. Probably it will be found that the navy is less deficient in material than in men. Of bluejackets there does not seem—for the first time in our naval history—likely to be a want; but it is not improbable that more stokers may be wanted than can be found at need. It seems absolutely certain that there will be a want of officers below the rank of commander. The steady efforts made for some years past to keep down the numbers of the staff have been so successful that the list of lieutenants is notoriously short by two, or even three, hundred of the number which would be required in war. It is just adequate to the needs of peace, and there is more than a chance that the ships engaged in the manœuvres may be under-officered. A good way to utilize the manœuvres would be to try how far the Naval Reserve could be drawn on. Some officers of this force took part in last year's operations, and others might be encouraged to come forward for navigating duties. Nothing is more certain than that in war they would have to be so used, and the better-educated class of merchant-seamen are as competent for the work as naval officers. Seamanship and navigation are the same for the ocean steamer or the man-of-war. As mobilization for actual service would entail calling out the Reserve, the presence of a part of the force would add to the reality of the present partial experiment.

IRELAND.

IT is still, of course, an article of faith with Gladstonian councils, in garden-party assembled, that Ireland is in as anarchic and disturbed a condition as ever it was—or worse. A contention, indeed, which is supported by so convenient an argument as is available in this case is never likely to fail Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers. For as soon, of course, as reports from the other side of St. George's Channel begin to improve, our English Parnellites can find sweet consolation in mutually assuring each other that "discontent is being driven inwards." If intimidation and coercion appear to have been sharply checked, it merely means that the people of Ireland are burning with a silent sense of injury at being denied the right of lawful combination. If there seems to have been a decline in agrarian crime, it is only because the peasantry are too much engaged in brooding over their own wrongs to have either spirits or leisure to rip up cattle or shoot their neighbours in the legs. Those of us, however, who are less ostentatious of our solicitude for the "union of hearts" will be apt to attach somewhat more importance to the statistics of Irish crime and disorder, and these, they will note with satisfaction, are assuming a negatively more favourable aspect every week. The theory, in fact, of an "inward driven" "discontent" was never so necessary to the Gladstonian as it is at present, since he cannot deny that the outward signs of Irish disorder are becoming deplorably difficult to find. Not only have the daily reports from Ireland in the English newspapers shrunk to an insignificant fraction of their former lengths, but it has become almost impossible to piece them out, even when the "principles" of the English newspaper require it, by stimulating extracts from the Irish Parnellite press. "Irregularities," as Mr. GLADSTONE, elevated on the "substantial kitchen table," in the Hampstead garden, exquisitely described the little pastimes of the Moonlighters and the persecuting boycotters, have become most inconveniently rare, and Ireland seems really approaching what has been foolishly called—foolishly, at least, from the point of view of the party politician—the blessed condition of the country which has no annals.

And as the length of the reports from Ireland diminishes so also does the size of the mercies for which Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to be thankful. The fact—supposing it to be the fact—that all the Liberal abstentionists of 1886 in Thanet have returned to the Gladstonian fold in 1888, and that the Gladstonians have nevertheless got nearly as bad a beating as they got in 1885, is full—for Mr. GLADSTONE—of a mysterious comfort. He notes that 2,889, the number polled by the candidate in 1888, is more than double 1,311, the poll of the Gladstonian candidate in 1885; he recalls the fact that the last election was won because the Unionists were five or six per cent. stronger than the Gladstonians, and he calls on his hearers to infer that they will win the next election—or this, we presume, is the inference—with 94 or 95 per cent. in hand. In other words, instead of the Separatists polling "thirteen hundred and odd thousand," as at the last election, against "the fourteen hundred and odd thousand" of their opponents, they will poll at the next election two million six hundred and odd thousand, and leave one hundred and odd thousand votes to be divided among the Unionists all over Great Britain. This will be "sweeping the country," indeed; and unless Mr. GLADSTONE's calculations are—as there is just a chance that they may be—utterly silly and childish, the Unionists—even those of the uncontested constituencies, who have been curiously left out of the reckoning altogether—may just as well give up the game at once. When your adversary can prove to you by victorious arithmetic that he is bound to poll twenty-seven times as many votes at the next election as you can possibly muster, what is the use of "going on"?

Equally modest are the dimensions of the mercies which excite the gratitude of the Parnellites. The manifesto of the Archbishop and Bishops of Ireland on the subject of the Irish land laws is welcomed by the *Freeman's Journal* as likely to result in a "clearer, juster, and more reasonable" view of the Irish difficulty. We can understand that the Irish Episcopate, after having had to make submission to the Holy See in the matter of the Plan of Campaign and boycotting, should be anxious to set themselves straight with the tenantry by issuing a declaration of this sort. But though absolutely unobjectionable in tone, it is absurd to represent it as promoting a "clearer, juster, and more" "reasonable view of the difficulty," or, indeed, as likely to enlighten any one who has taken the trouble to inform himself on the controversy. It is a mere statement of

one side of an essentially bilateral case—a mere repetition of pleas, protests, and arguments, which have again and again been answered. It is as hard to comprehend the condition of the mind which could really rejoice in it—affected rejoicing at anything in the present state of the Separatist fortunes we can understand well enough—as it is to enter into the feelings of those enthusiastic members of the Irish Parliamentary party who cheered Mr. SEXTON's allusion the other night to the decision of the Irish Court of Exchequer on Mr. O'BRIEN's appeal. That appeal has, no doubt, resulted in securing the appellant a short respite, and in putting the Crown to some additional inconvenience and expense. But, in so far as the judgment was favourable to Mr. O'BRIEN, it turned upon a point of extreme technicality; and, in so far as it affirms any substantial propositions of law, it is particularly damaging to Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends. The CHIEF BARON, for instance, laid down the important ruling that "any" "meeting of an unlawful association in a proclaimed district is unlawful," without its being necessary to prove that such a meeting was held "for the purposes of the" "association." The question on which Mr. O'BRIEN gained his point was the narrow and specific question whether it was competent for the prosecution to proceed *de novo* after the depositions had been stolen. It is difficult to agree with the LORD CHIEF BARON that this question was "much" "more important" than the other, although it might perhaps be so with his Lordship's singular proviso—"especially" "if it should become the practice to have depositions stolen." We ought hardly, however, to base our calculations, judicial or other, on the assumption that this will "become the" "practice," and it may be legitimately treated, therefore, as an isolated and exceptional incident of prosecutions under the Crimes Act. The main point is that the irregularity of the proceedings, such as it was, has not led to the conviction being quashed. No further mischief has resulted from it than that the case against Mr. O'BRIEN has had to be sent back to the magistrates for a re-hearing.

A remark, however, fell from Baron DOWSE in the course of the hearing which appears to us to deserve a word of comment, the more particularly as it is not the sole instance in which the learned BARON's vivacity of criticism has betrayed him into an indiscretion. He expressed surprise during the argument that "it was so often said that the" "Act created no new offence. The offence here was a new" "one." If Baron DOWSE would confer with Mr. Justice HOLMES—who was originally responsible for this perfectly true proposition, and who has been most disingenuously misquoted and misrepresented by Mr. GLADSTONE on the subject—he would see that his surprise was uncalled for. No one has ever contended, neither Mr. BALFOUR nor the late Attorney-General for Ireland, that an Act which empowers the Irish Executive to declare certain associations unlawful, and to make it "an offence against this Act" to belong to them or take part in their proceedings, does not in that technical sense "create a new offence." Mr. BALFOUR, indeed, made that express admission in debate, and compared the Crimes Act in that respect with other English statutes which do precisely the same thing. But this is not what is meant by Mr. GLADSTONE and others (though they will of course seize eagerly, as Mr. MORLEY has already done, on Baron Dowse's words) when they talk of the Crimes Act creating new offences. What they intend to convey, though there is not the slightest excuse for alleging it, is that the conspiracy and other clauses of the statute treat combinations which would be lawful in England as unlawful in Ireland; the truth being that no combination which would not be clearly indictable as conspiracy at common law has been brought within the reach of the summary procedure established by the Crimes Act. All the same, Baron Dowse's remark will afford Gladstonians an excellent opportunity of confusing the public mind, and, since it is already being used for that purpose, it is a pity it should have been made.

M. FLOQUET'S VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

WHEN M. FLOQUET's term of office comes to its probably not very distant end, he will be able to reflect that he has secured a vote of confidence on the most extraordinary occasion on which vote of confidence was ever secured in Parliamentary history. This is something to have done. *Voici les faits*, as M. GABORIAU, who might be the historian of this passage of contemporary history, would begin. There was a Mayor of Carcassonne,

by name M. JOURDANNE, and by profession a barrister. M. JOURDANNE had, among his other duties, to preside over the sacred electoral urn. When the electors, as occasionally happened, did not put in the proper number of votes for M. JOURDANNE's party, which is the Radical Socialist, he took measures to correct their negligence. His method was simple, and borrowed from (it is believed) the Second Empire. He just put in as many voting papers as were needed to carry his man with a sufficient majority, and declared him duly returned. This, it seems, is not at all an uncommon political resource with the countrymen of TARTARIN DE TARASCON. But M. JOURDANNE was thought to be extreme even for Carcassonne. He rivalled that Tarasconese who earned the title of *Imposteur* in a town in which nobody tells the truth. Carcassonne, or part of it, thought him too audacious, and legal proceedings were taken. The Court sentenced M. JOURDANNE to a month's imprisonment. M. JOURDANNE declined to go to prison, and then began a long dispute between him and the legal authorities. The judges asked him to come and be imprisoned like a respectable citizen. M. JOURDANNE refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, and produced medical certificates to show that his health was as the health of an Irish member. After a good deal of argument, there came a young *substitut*, who thought it had lasted long enough. This rash young man derided the medical certificates, and caused his police to lay hands on M. JOURDANNE. In the meantime, however, this active politician had been re-elected mayor by the Radical Socialists. They raised a terrible clamour when they saw their favourite carried through the streets, kicking and protesting, on a litter. When M. JOURDANNE was well in prison, the papers of his party broke out into a noble rage, and demanded the head of that *substitut*.

At this point M. FLOQUET appeared. He reviewed the case—saw that a good Radical had been sent to prison—and though he did not cut off the *substitut's* head, he did remove him as a disciplinary measure to another town. As for M. JOURDANNE, he remained Mayor, and the Prefect visited him in prison, where they smoked cigarettes together. When this story became generally known in Paris, it struck not a few, even among Republicans, that it looked like a scandal. What moral it had seemed to be this—that Radical mayors were above the law. The Senate was unanimously of opinion that the *substitut* had only done his duty, and that it was disgraceful to inflict a snub on him for it. But the votes of the Senate do not count for much, and M. FLOQUET made no sign. Then he was attacked in the Chamber, and asked to explain his action. His defence may be recommended to the admiration of all good party men. Substantially, what he had to say was that the Mayor was a good Radical, and he himself another of the same kidney. Whoever attacked either of them was an enemy to the Republic, and he would treat the vote as one of confidence. M. FLOQUET did not deny that the Mayor had been guilty of irregularities—*pour éviter un second "tour de scrutin en forçant le nombre des bulletins"*—but he implied that justice ought to think twice before condemning a gentleman of such excellent principles. The Chamber apparently agreed with him, for it "passed to the order of the day" by 270 votes to 158. From this we may gather that the elect of France have decided by a majority of 112 that fraud at elections is commendable when it is practised for the benefit of the Radical party, and that the law is not to be put in force against Radical mayors when they are detected in swindling for the good of the party. To "*forcer les bulletins*"—which is a sweet phrase—is, it would appear, an absolutely legitimate proceeding when universal suffrage is so forgetful of itself as not to vote strongly enough for Radicals. Perhaps it does not mean quite so much as that. The Chamber may only have meant to say that it really would not stand another Ministerial crisis before the recess, and would not know where to turn for another Prime Minister if M. FLOQUET threw up the cards. That probably is what the Chamber meant; but whether it is a more honourable version of the story than the other is a question. On this interpretation we take it that the elect of the people have recorded it as their opinion that, after universal suffrage, the enlightened will of a great people, *et tout le tremblement*, have been at work for years, the only man who can govern France is a gentleman who cannot get along without the help of fraudulent mayors and the Radical mob of Carcassonne. What a triumph for universal suffrage!

HOW NOT TO CRIB.

THE injudicious plagiarist, like the uncommercial traveller, is a source of so much legitimate amusement that it is difficult to feel the proper amount of indignation with his illegitimate practices. The degenerate moralist of a century which will be for ever associated with the name of Mr. JAMES KNOWLES is too apt to believe that, as no originality can be very original, so no imitation can be very imitative. The world's stock of ideas has long been sold out, so that the choice of HERCULES, and of Mr. HUGH WATT, lies, or may be argued to lie, between artistic recombination and the manufacture of mental shoddy. As for cribbing, we all do it. *Cribbimus indocti doctique*, says the latest emendator of HORACE in his erudite restoration of a well-known line. More than half a century before Sir HENRY JAMES roused the ecstasy of an enthusiastic contemporary by calling Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT "*SAMPSON in a wig*," SYDNEY SMITH had applied with fatal precision the same epigrammatic phrase to Mr. CANNING. *Pereant qui ante* is the proud motto of Mr. WATT, member for the Camlachie Division of the city of Glasgow. It has not hitherto been the trick of the Scottish nation when they had a good thing to make it too common. But Mr. WATT, in the lecture which has been exhaustively discussed before Baron HUDDLESTON and a special jury, caricatured the altruistic art of literary conveyancing. He effaced himself too completely. His form was, to speak metaphorically, concealed from the gaze of his audience by the petticoats of Mrs. DOMINIC DALY. The scene in Exeter Hall last January, when Mr. WATT discoursed at length and with passionate interest on the northern territory of South Australia, was comedy of the highest order. The lecturer was never in Australia. He did not, as his learned counsel indignantly protested, "pretend to have been" there. He felt, however, the deepest concern for the great cause of emigration, and he had, if we may condescend to notice such trivialities, a share in "one of the local gold-mining Companies." All Mr. WATT's hearers were no doubt vastly edified and entertained by his brilliant sketch of that particular territory which he regards as the proper home of the Anglo-Saxon race, and whose gold-mines he views with peculiar favour. But there was one among them who, though not having the honour of Mr. WATT's personal acquaintance, listened to his fluent utterances with almost parental affection. This was Mrs. DALY, author of a book called *Digging, Squatting, and Pioneering Life in South Australia*. Mrs. DALY enjoyed a treat for which she was not prepared; and the moral is, that if you go to a lecture, you may not find it as dull as you expect. If the prospectus had announced that Mr. WATT would give a series of readings from Mrs. DALY's work, modesty might have induced her to stay at home. But Mr. WATT disguised his purpose until the proceedings began, and Mrs. DALY had to disguise her pleasurable emotion until they were over.

When Mr. WATT sat down, Mrs. DALY—and small blame to her—stood up. Lord BRASSEY, who had innocently presided over this singular exhibition, gracefully introduced her to the honourable member for the Camlachie Division of Glasgow. The introduction, unlike most similar ceremonies, was less agreeable to the gentleman than to the lady. Mrs. DALY, indeed, was at a considerable advantage over Mr. WATT. She could congratulate him freely on the compliment he had paid her, while he could not tell her that he wished her where the Oxford preacher wished all the German theologians, at the bottom of the German Ocean. He went, perhaps, as far as decency permitted when, in reply to Mrs. DALY's mild suggestion that he might have mentioned her name, he remarked that he did not know her address, and was not even aware she was alive. It is, indeed, quite conceivable that he supposed her to be dead, for on that hypothesis a good deal of his conduct may be explained. Mrs. DALY did not, and perhaps could not, go to law. It was Mr. WATT who had the courage to bring an action, because the *North British Daily Mail* stigmatized his so-called lecture as "one of the most palpable and barefaced efforts at cribbing that has come under our notice." The criticism is not, perhaps, very felicitously worded, for Mr. WATT's performance was something more than an effort. But if the jury had not found, as they did, a verdict for the defendant, they would have done gross injustice, and hampered the press in discharging one of its most useful functions. The defendant, as it happens, is Dr. CAMERON, member for the College Division of Glasgow, and of the same political complexion as the plaintiff. Perhaps we ought to be flattered at the

preference shown by two Scotch members for the English Courts over their own. But, as Baron HUDDLESTON observed, the case has a peculiar interest for the electors of the Camlachie Division. Mr. WATT's cross-examination by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL certainly deserves to be brought under their notice. Mr. WATT is a financier—not perhaps the only one in the House of Commons. He was rebuked by the Judge for calling himself a merchant. He has given several lectures on colonial subjects in Exeter Hall. He delivered one upon British Guiana, and this one was published at the expense of the New Chili Gold-Mining Company, in which he "might have possessed thirty thousand, 'forty thousand, or fifty thousand shares.'" He omitted in his unacknowledged quotations from Mrs. DALY a passage which might have led intending investors to keep clear of South Australia, because the blacks were apt to give trouble. Mr. WATT says that he left out this statement because he did not believe it. But the jury did not on all points believe him, and it will be for his constituents to say whether Mr. WATT's idea of his position and duties as their representative agrees with their own.

AGNOSTIC JESUITRY.

IT is unnecessary for us, we presume, to disclaim any sympathetic bias in favour of Mr. BRADLAUGH or Mr. BRADLAUGH's objects. Nor is it, or at any rate should it be, any less gratuitous to declare that we entertain no prejudices against Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. We take it to be equally superfluous for us to say that we do not enthusiastically prefer any particular form of Oaths Bill to any other. Which things having been premised, we may with the less hesitation allow ourselves to say that Mr. BRADLAUGH's conception of an Oaths Bill appears to us a very much worthier one than that of Mr. MORLEY and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, and that, in the matter of courage and straightforwardness, and loyalty to conscience, he is able to give more "points" to those two distinguished Liberals than it would be at all pleasant for them to enumerate. Mr. BRADLAUGH's position with respect to the measure in question has been perfectly consistent throughout. He is desirous of relieving persons who conscientiously object to taking an oath—whether on the ground that the ceremony offends their religious or their lack of religious opinions—from the necessity of being sworn; and in order to gain this end he is perfectly willing to put the two classes of objectors in precisely the same position. It is true that his Bill, as originally drafted, did not provide for any statement of the ground of objection, either by one class of objectors or the other; but, on this defect in the measure being pointed out to him in the debate on the second reading, he at once admitted the necessity of remedying it, and agreed to introduce a proviso to the effect that no person should be allowed to make affirmation unless he alleged as his ground for objecting to be sworn a conscientious objection to take the oath. Furthermore, on the SOLICITOR-GENERAL observing that it was, in his opinion, essential to require a statement of the ground of objection, not only from those who objected on religious grounds, but also from those whose objection is founded on absence of any religious belief, Mr. BRADLAUGH declared that he "quite 'appreciated the distinction,'" and would "accept any words 'that were not absolutely offensive which would cover the 'cases of both classes of persons.'"

To this length, however, Mr. MORLEY, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, and other highly enlightened Liberals, were, it soon appeared, unable to follow him. When in Committee last Wednesday Mr. BRADLAUGH moved to insert words providing that the person objecting to be sworn should state as the ground of such objection, either that he has no religious belief, or that the taking of an oath is contrary to his religious belief. Mr. MORLEY roundly declared that the amendment would entirely deprive the Bill of all its value, and declared his intention of voting against it. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, "in the name of the 'Liberal party,'" of which he now seems to claim a sort of prophetic or oracular representation, objected to the principle of the amendment, and declared that the question was—which it distinctly was not—"whether a 'man was bound to make any declaration of his religious 'opinions before he was allowed to discharge his duties as 'a citizen.'" The law as it stood before the Bill was introduced, and as it will stand after the Bill is passed, requires a declaration of religious opinion in all the various

cases in which the privilege of affirmation is conceded. What Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN meant, and what Mr. MORLEY virtually demanded, was that those and those alone who have no religious opinion should be excused the "discovery" required from every other applicant for relief from the obligation to take the oath. Mr. MORLEY's main argument was one of a singular ethical complexion. It was in effect that a witness ought not to be compelled to state that he has no religious opinion, because the jury, if informed of that fact, would unjustly and illiberally underrate the trustworthiness of his evidence. We do not for a moment admit the truth of this assumption; but, assuming it for the sake of argument to be true, what are we to think of the contention which Mr. MORLEY bases upon it? Apparently he contends that, because jurors would be prejudiced if they knew the truth about a witness's opinions, therefore the law should assist him to deceive them on the point and pass himself for something which he is not. It is refreshing to turn from this Jesuitry to Mr. BRADLAUGH's outspoken declaration that, though he had been subjected to an examination in court as to his religious belief, and though it was pressed to such an extent that the jury were impressed with the fact that he had no religious belief, yet "he had no objection" to that. Holding the views he did, he must accept the "consequences, and he had never shrunk from accepting 'them.'" The public will not hesitate much, we should think, in deciding which of these two attitudes is the more worthy of respect.

MANSLAUGHTER.

THE trial for poisoning which occupied the first three days of this week at Worcester Assizes raises more questions than it solves. But the most remarkable thing about it is the verdict of the jury. The prisoners, MARY POWELL and JAMES KENTLEY, were indicted for murder and convicted of manslaughter. It is the undisputed right of any jury to find any person against whom the graver of these charges has been brought guilty of the lighter. The judge may intimate his opinion that on the evidence the prisoner must have committed murder or nothing. But, if they choose to disregard his direction, there is no remedy, unless he should reserve a point of law for the Court, which might result in the conviction being quashed altogether. The case against MARY POWELL and JAMES KENTLEY was that they conspired to murder, and did murder, Mrs. POWELL's husband by administering to him repeated doses of laudanum. Of course, if they did this deliberately, there can be no doubt that they committed the capital crime. If, on the other hand, he took the drug himself, and they merely stood by, their conduct may be morally wicked, but the criminal law does not touch them. The motives for the offence were not clear; but it has been said, with a certain brutal truth, that one need not look beyond the bond of wedlock for the cause of murder. There was no intrigue between KENTLEY and Mrs. POWELL. KENTLEY was simply employed, according to the prosecution, as a hired assassin. What the jury thought of his position does not very plainly appear. There were, it must be admitted, some rather strong points in favour of the accused. POWELL had been for years in the habit of drinking very freely, and the symptoms of his last illness, as described in evidence, were such as habitual drunkenness not unfrequently produces. That he took considerable quantities of opium was not denied, and everybody knows that laudanum is a form of opium. But several men who had served with POWELL in the army, and professed to be well acquainted with his habits, deposed that he had learned to take opium in India, and that, outdoing DE QUINCEY, he had been seen to drink off a bottle in the street. There is such a thing as a too willing witness, of which Mr. WINKLE is the classical example. Certainly some of the old soldiers exhibited in the witness-box a courage which they could hardly have surpassed in the battle-field itself. On the whole, however, there was a defence, and one which the jury might have believed. No very far-fetched explanation is required for the death of an unhealthy man addicted to the use of brandy and laudanum.

If Mrs. POWELL had held her tongue after her husband's death she might possibly now be a free woman. But her conduct after the event was most suspicious. She bribed her servant to tell a cock-and-bull story about wifely emotion ending in hysterics, and she offered money to her husband's relations in an unaccountable manner. Before his death she had shown some skill in getting his life

insured by two offices as a good one, though his heart was weak, and he suffered also from asthma. It is to be feared that the jury found the verdict they did find as a sort of compromise, some leaning to innocence, others to guilt. So far as Mrs. POWELL is concerned, there may be a justification for the finding. If she allowed her husband to dose himself with a noxious drug, and even took care that he should be constantly supplied with it, she might, if the most recent precedents are trustworthy guides, be convicted of manslaughter. The ordinary definition of manslaughter is "the unlawful and felonious killing of another without any malice, either express or implied." Involuntary manslaughter is further defined as "where a man, doing an unlawful act not amounting to felony, by accident kills another, or when a man, by culpable neglect of a duty imposed upon him, is the cause of the death of another." The last would, of course, be Mrs. POWELL's case. About ten years ago, at the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice HAWKINS, a man was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to penal servitude for life, because he had hastened the death of his mistress by giving her too little to eat and too much to drink. But, if Mrs. POWELL culpably neglected a duty, it is difficult to see how KENTLEY can be implicated. He can scarcely have been engaged in assisting Mrs. POWELL not to do what she ought; and, if there was any kind of design, the theory of manslaughter disappears at once. It would probably be for the public benefit if the Crown were precluded from obtaining a conviction for manslaughter unless they put a separate count into the indictment. The judge might have power to add one if he thought the prisoner would be prejudiced by its omission. But juries should not be encouraged to find that a thing is grey merely because they cannot make up their minds whether it is white or black.

O'DONNELL v. WALTER.

TO say that the issue of the action brought by Mr. O'DONNELL against the proprietor and publisher of the *Times* has surprised no one is to say too little. The wonder would have been if the case had been permitted by the presiding Judge to last any longer than it did, or if the jury had taken any more time than they, in fact, found necessary—exactly one minute—to deliberate upon their verdict. Many curious endeavours have been made by persons deeming, or professing to deem themselves, injured by others to establish inadmissible claims to redress, but we doubt whether "the books" contain a record of anything quite as grotesque as Mr. O'DONNELL's lawsuit. That A should sue B for libelling C and D is in itself a sufficiently eccentric proceeding; and that A should further be the very letter of the alphabet who has most ostentatiously disclaimed all connexion with C and D, in respect of the very subject-matter of the alleged libel, is not a fact which tends to bring matters nearer to the region of the commonplace. But when A, after first repudiating C and D as associates, and then suing B for attacking the associates of C and D, declines to testify that he is or was their associate, but contents himself with calling E and F to say that they thought he was, the height of perverse inconsequence has surely been reached. With such a case as this to state and answer, it is not unjust either to Mr. RUEGG or to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to say that their forensic eloquence could not and did not affect the issue one way or the other. On the mere statement of claim and the answer of the defendant, it would have been easy and safe for any jury to have disposed of the case just as it ultimately ended. The dilemma in which the plaintiff was placed may be said to leap even to the most inexperienced eye. Some of the charges made by the *Times* were undoubtedly libellous, unless their truth could be established. Others were as obviously in the nature of fair comment. But wherever Mr. O'DONNELL was by nomination or by necessary implication referred to, the statements of the *Times* were of the latter character; and wherever they were of the former, they could not by any ingenuity be wrested into an application to Mr. O'DONNELL.

All these considerations, however, were so plain from the very outset of the affair that the plaintiff, who is not wanting in acuteness, was generally credited by the public with having perceived them himself. It would be false delicacy to pretend that Mr. O'DONNELL has anywhere or at any time been credited with the motives which ordinarily

actuate those who bring actions for libel. Few people have been able to believe that Mr. O'DONNELL thought he was even aimed at by the articles of the *Times*; that he could really suppose himself to have been hit and injured by them was what nobody could believe. On these points there was, we think we may say, a virtually complete consensus of opinion. All agreed that his motives were not, and could not be, those of the ordinary plaintiff in such cases; where agreement became difference was on the question what these motives actually were. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE put the several theories which were current on the subject with great perspicuity in the closing passages of his charge to the jury. "It has been suggested," he said, "that vanity has prompted him to stand before the public in a conspicuous position, that he has been actuated by what I may call an advertising desire. But there may be other motives in the heart of a man who has been separated from companions who have not placed confidence in him. I do not say that these motives have actuated Mr. O'DONNELL, but I do say that it is for you to consider what can be the character of a man who can bring such an action as this in a shape which must preclude the men whose interests are chiefly concerned from defending themselves, these men having been his colleagues in a cause which they, at least, thought was right and honourable." Upon this we must observe, in common fairness to Mr. O'DONNELL, that it would be impossible for any one who has studied his career to eliminate the ingredient of vanity from the analysis of his motives in any conceivable case. But we must, of course, admit that it was the alternative aspect of his action—the aspect which it bears as the action of a man "who has been separated from companions who have not placed confidence in him"—which most attracted public attention. So pointedly, indeed, has this attention been directed to it, that Mr. O'DONNELL has thought it expedient to declare that he has acted throughout in consultation and concert with his former colleagues, and that he considers he has done them good service by compelling the *Times* to "show its hand." By all accounts, however, his former colleagues appear to hold this not unreasonable view—that, inasmuch as they provide the stakes without having a seat at the table, Mr. O'DONNELL's conduct in compelling the *Times* to show a hand of even greater strength than had been generally imagined is an advantage to them of the most doubtful sort.

The plain truth is, of course, that Mr. O'DONNELL, whether he meant it or not, has done Mr. PARNELL and his Parliamentary lieutenants an immense amount of damage, and has rendered their adversary—as Lord COLERIDGE, in a somewhat unjudicial moment, observed—a service, putting costs, of course, out of the question, of corresponding magnitude. The *Times* has had an opportunity of repeating, or rather has been compelled in self-defence to repeat, its charges against the leading Parnellites and the organizers of the Land League in the most solemn manner; to disclose fresh documentary evidence against them, which, assuming it to be genuine, is of a still more damning character than what had been previously made public; and, most important of all, to avow the fact, not indeed doubted by any but political partisans, but by such partisans persistently questioned, that it was fully prepared to support these charges by oral evidence. All this surely has been a signal advantage to the *Times*; and, if the Parnellites have been placed by it at an unfair disadvantage, that is no fault of any one but Mr. O'DONNELL. Under the circumstances, it was impossible for the Judge either to prevent the case going as it did or to allow it to go any further. No one can say that Lord COLERIDGE was wanting in solicitude for the protection of the interests of unrepresented persons, and the fact that Mr. PARNELL and his staff have undoubtedly suffered by the revelations made at the trial was a mere consequence of the form of the action. Any presiding judge would have been forced to allow the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to set out the evidence available for the justification which had been pleaded for the alleged libels so far as they applied to others than Mr. O'DONNELL; and no presiding judge could have permitted witnesses to be called in support of that case, so soon as it was once made clear that the plaintiff had no real right to represent them. But what they were not in a position to do in the case of O'DONNELL v. WALTER they can put themselves in a position to do at any moment they please; and the question which, if not they themselves, at any rate their English political friends, should seriously consider, is whether it is, we will not say prudent, but even

discreet, for them to maintain their present attitude. If they have any judicious English advisers among those about Mr. GLADSTONE—any, we mean, who are capable of looking beyond the sort of arguments which suit a party debate in the House of Commons—they ought to hear from these counsellors that it has become absolutely necessary to them, as a mere means of recovering their credit with that silent majority of Englishmen whose votes decide elections, to make some serious attempt at the rehabilitation of their characters. As long as they were able to pretend that their accuser's invitation of them to the law courts was a mere rhetorical challenge, which it was known would not be taken up, and which, therefore, did not need to be backed by the possession of any weapons, their inaction may have had—to some minds, at any rate—some shadow of excuse. But now that it is seen that the challenge was a serious one, that the *Times* has its weapons, and would have been using them at the moment if it had its adversaries in the lists, it is impossible for Mr. PARNELL to hesitate longer, or to attempt to evade the issue by Parliamentary motion or "circulars" to the Liberal party, without fatal consequences to his political future.

THE ART OF POTTERY.

NOT long ago one of those little great men whose notions upon things in general are supposed to instruct the universe referred to pottery as "an art which all the world admits to be peculiarly English." We should not trouble to correct any error of one of these personages which did not affect our comfort, purse, or dignity. The task would be hopeless and endless. But there is reason to think that many good souls who deserve sympathy cherish this same illusion about English earthenware. It is, shortly, grotesque. If the gentleman had stated that the manufacture of cheap, useful articles, and the commerce therein, were "peculiarly English," he would still have shown gross ignorance of the subject. Our forefathers did a trade in clay from times immemorial, which grew to such importance that an order in Council forbade it in 1625. But their sole export of pottery for centuries after was confined to some mysterious productions of Bideford. Enthusiasts have laboriously proved a fact not requiring demonstration—that Staffordshire and other districts supplied the home market with rough-and-ready wares, suitable for the kitchen and the cottage; but in the hall and the parlour they had the good taste to prefer beechen platters and mazer bowls, until the Dutch tempted them with Delft. The trade in that ware was enormous. We find it flourishing under Henry VIII., and we find warehouses of Delft in London under Queen Elizabeth. Yarmouth had its "Dutch fair" from a date unknown. This business declined in the early part of the last century, but the English potters, who had learned in a sort of way to imitate the coarser class of Delft, were still unable to approach the fashionable market. That was supplied by the great manufacturers of Rouen and Nevers. There was actually no trade in English earthenware until Wedgwood arose. But the assertion did not refer to trade; it is the art of faience which so many believe to be specially our own. Now, if we were charged to uphold the thesis that this English race is inherently wanting in the sense of art, we should concentrate our argument upon the instance of pottery. For it is very true that this was a favourite industry from the remotest time. Painters we had none till the foreigner taught us—none, at least, whose fame is preserved even by tradition. Sculptors we never had; nor have now. Music was a native growth, as everywhere in Europe, but a weed. On the other hand, countless generations worked at the "potbank," not fitfully and indiscriminately, but in certain districts and certain families, from an era of which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. And what did these countless generations make of it? From father to son they drudged in the same round, digging clay in the "lord's waste," "blunging" it in the "sun-pan," "throwing" it on the wheel, "stouking" a handle, if necessary, daubing it with coloured "slips." There was actually no change that we can identify in process, material, ornament, scarcely in form, from the date of the English Conquest to the latter half of the seventeenth century. If we glance at an earlier epoch, indeed, there is change, but in the wrong direction. The Romano-British wares of Castor, Upchurch, and of Staffordshire itself—if the excellent pieces found at Wroxeter are rightly attributed to that district—present a sad contrast to the work of a thousand years later. It is not to be denied that men of some elementary talent may have risen here and there. The foreigners employed in tile-making at the great abbeys must have spread some few faint notions of enlightenment. Such was the influence that produced those very rare specimens claimed as English which show some sort of character—if the claim be justified. But these things are individual. No man founded a school, such as arose by hundreds on the Continent. Some potters were ingenious in a measure, painstaking, observant; but never one, we may boldly say, dreamed of art.

The era when they began to move can be fixed with certainty. The stress of Dutch competition urged them to make a struggle

for existence at the Restoration, and very few years afterwards came De Witt to take advantage of our English clays, and secure this excellent market under the best conditions. Miss Meteyard's industry, aided and stimulated by all who could supply a link, failed to make the outline of a story for "our peculiarly English art" between the withdrawal of the Roman and the advent of the Dutchman. But the utmost ambition of Staffordshire, even then, was to imitate the ware of Delft in vilest caricature. Under De Witt's inspiration, probably, arose Thomas Toft—a great man in the absence of any other. It is no less than a compliment to call Toft's work barbarous, for that term implies some sort of an endeavour to produce a startling effect. If Thomas had such an aim, his failure is quite extraordinary. No effort is made to represent a human figure in that portrait of Charles II. on which he has proudly inscribed his name as on a masterpiece. Even the ornament, of mechanical design, childish fancy, and hideous colouring, is absurdly irregular. So far was he from the artistic spirit that he did not care whether geometrical lines corresponded, whether they were thick or thin at different points of the circumference, whether they overran the plane or did not reach it, whether spaces in the pattern were three or six in succession. But we are not to dwell upon individuals; our interest lies in the fact that Thomas Toft was the best man of his time. A striking illustration of that era is the legend of the young woman "at Shaw's farm" who invented salt-glaze. She allowed a pot of brine to overflow, and the result surprised her. Hitherto our "artists" had contentedly used glazes of lead, handed down to them by the Romans. Truly it served their modest purposes very well; but the fact is almost pitiful in its significance. Even this grand discovery, however, led to no particular consequences. More Dutchmen were required to stir the latent genius of our race, and the brothers Ellers came upon the scene. A very rough time the poor fellows had, but they taught one man—against their will, truly—some rudiments of the taste and skill which had prevailed in other lands of civilized Europe for hundreds of years. Samuel Astbury was the first English potter who deserves mention, and we approach very near the middle of the last century before his work reaches that point of excellence. It cannot be called art even then, but it was material for commerce. Thoughtful enterprise and judicious perseverance are qualities that have never been wanting in the better class of English mind when necessity or a sufficient impulse from outside called them to action. Astbury learned from Ellers what a good crock should be and how to make it. With that simple aim he worked, improving continually, and setting the Mayers, Wedgwoods, Booths—in fact, all the potters of Staffordshire—to follow in his footsteps. But their object was to produce a saleable article, conscientiously made. Never had no reason for alarm at their success. It may have been an elementary taste, or growing experience, or the demands of the market, which caused the English potter to abandon the hideous old shapes and the hideous old decoration of his forefathers. But beyond plain ware, butter-dish and porringer, teapot, mortuary tablets, and such like, they did not care to advance. Miss Meteyard confesses that "the art displayed was not greater than that on a schoolboy's slate or the tracings of a savage on the sea-shore sand; and even this amount was not original." So we come to the Wedgwoods, all men of talent in that generation, Gilbert and Thomas, and the great son of the latter. Of him we do not care to speak, not for want of matter, but because that inspired tradesman is not to be discussed in a sentence or a paragraph.

Now let us observe the art of pottery, as distinguished from the business, and too often opposed. We will not refer to Italian masters, for the English public does not yet appreciate their style. France offers illustrations which every one can grasp; and times comparatively modern may be selected; though, if need were, it might be shown that the Gallic potters in every age almost have striven for that beauty which in every age English potters neglected. We may begin with 1542, the earliest date recorded on those magnificent tiles made by Abaqueque for the *haut et puissant seigneur, Messire le Connestable, Grand Maître de France*; how much earlier the manufacturers of Rouen were able to produce such work as can be rivalled only, not surpassed, in the present age, history does not tell. There were excellent tilewrights in England, of course, but they were probably foreigners; they worked at the great abbeys under direction of the monks. No sort of comparison can be drawn betwixt such specialists and a regular man of business like Abaqueque. In the same year probably Francis I. began to build his famous Château de Faience, in the Bois de Boulogne, called by himself *Le Petit Château de Madrid*, and by scoffers an *immense vaisellier*. It was utterly destroyed at the Revolution, *ehou!* and its priceless decorations sold to a maker of cement! Imagine a king of England entrusting such a task to our "peculiarly national" artists even two centuries later! But the pristine glories of Rouen are nought compared with its later renown. It was towards 1524 that Hélène de Hangest formed the idea of consoling her widowhood with a manufacture of earthenware, and straightway found the men, the knowledge, the exquisite taste, the science which could supply the Henri II. pottery. We know that the men and the ability must have been at hand, and must have been ready to begin at short notice; for all those superb examples which have won the admiration of succeeding time were produced between 1524 and 1537, when the lady died. Only five years later we find Bernard Palissy, "suffering much poverty and trouble," because, as he explains to himself, "thou wast unable to leave thy family in

order to learn the said art in some workshop"; evidence, if it were needed, of establishments at that time where even Palsy might have found the class of instruction he sought. But assuredly there is no need. As soon as the great potter's style proved to be worth imitating, rivals began to forge his work; so admirably, in the case of Avon, that authorities still disagree over some examples. We pass Beauvais, for lack of information; but it is evident that judges of the day regarded that ware with special admiration. Nevers pottery made no grand start; for thirty years it remained rather curious and interesting than beautiful. But this point upholds our contention. We have seen how the English manufacturer passed on his processes and ideas, with never a change worth mention, from father to son, age after age. But in a generation at Nevers the Frenchmen raised their craft from the level of rudeness and commonplace to such heights as have never been surpassed in their line of art.

So we come to Rouen in its great day, and feel inclined to drop the subject at the mention of that name. It is positively humiliating to think that at the moment when our forefathers were laboriously striving to make childish imitations of the roughest Delft, Louis Poterat had already begun to form that glorious school, distinctly French and original, which still defies competition. It is a futile endeavour to describe objects of art. The reader may go to South Kensington and see for himself what the Rouen potters did. To our taste, their genius is supreme. The great works of porcelain descend to fatal depths of prettiness beside earthenware thus treated. But, as has been said, it is painful to contemplate them in the point of view before us. There are plenty more schools which should be noticed—St. Cloud, Moustiers, Lunéville, Marseilles, and a long etcetera. Moustiers, in especial, deserves attention, for here, again, we see native talent asserting itself, with little suggestion from outside. Little is known of the circumstances which caused this manufacture to spring up in a town so remote, and, one might have thought, so unlikely to develop the highest qualities of technical skill, novelty of design, and cultivated taste. But the Abbé Delaporte—no mean authority—could declare, in the grand epoch of Rouen, that "Moustiers fience is the most beautiful and finest in the world." We do not agree with him; but the opinion is intelligible and may be argued. Then there was Marseilles, to which, we think, full justice has not been done by connoisseurs in general, though, of course, they are all more or less enthusiastic. What has become of those magnificent specimens collected by Mr. Gower, H.M. Consul at Marseilles for half a century? He left his gallery of art to the town of Liverpool under certain conditions, which were refused—not injudiciously. Our recollection of it, twenty years ago, does not lead to serious regret that those thousands of pictures are lost to the nation; but there were examples of Marseilles ware up and down which, as memory serves us, were unequalled elsewhere. But it is enough. We have examined the pretension of our dear native land which so many admit. Recalling how these glorious schools of France were ruined by our cheap manufactures, it may be said that what the English potter has done for art is to kill it.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

SOMEbody—we forget at the moment who it was—formulating a pretty general opinion, has observed that in a long life he had noticed that when you have been particularly happy and jolly for a month you are sure to be particularly miserable next month, and *vice versa*. There are who qualify this fatalism a little by holding that, though the ups and downs are intrinsically beyond your control, you can to a certain extent temper or heighten them by taking the happiness modestly and with respect to Nemesis, the misery patiently, and as those who after all see land beyond the storm. If this ancient philosophy be true, it is not surprising that our good friends the Separatists are at present in, to all appearance, very doleful dumps. They had their good things a short time ago, and they did not take them moderately. They were almost "fey" over Southampton. Their heads, a little later, were, as the poet (altered in one letter only) says, "all fire and Ayr" (indeed, being an Elizabethan, he probably wrote it thus). They thought that Canon Wilberforce had but to see and to conquer; they "domineered and vapoured, they were stout as any horse," if yet another bard, not so good a one this time, may be quoted. And then there came a frost, a killing frost, or rather a succession of such. They brought in their vote of censure, and had it bundled out again promptly; they failed to induce the Temperance Unionists to make fools of themselves over the ninth clause; the Thanet election, instead of going for them, as they fondly hoped, or being lost only by one or two hundred, as they confidently asserted, was in the most Liberal district of the Home Counties lost by all but the same majority as in 1885, and, as they know very well, would have been lost by a larger still had it not been for the accidental absence of the fishermen. Of certain legal proceedings lately going on it is, of course, a shame even to speak in themselves; but the Separatists speak a great deal about them, and not cheerfully. A wicked House of Lords declines to be barred from discussing crimes in 1887 because crime in earlier years is being investigated elsewhere. And, to crown all, a vile publisher, justifying the accusations which many generations have brought against his trade, goes and chooses this particular week for bringing out the Life

of Mr. Forster—of Mr. Forster, whom certain persons, "as they did not kill him in Ireland, had to listen to in England"; of Mr. Forster, who fought in ever more dangerous times exactly the battle that Mr. Balfour is fighting now; of Mr. Forster, who died almost with the words "No Irish Parliament!" on his lips. It is really not surprising that Separatists, while protesting that they never were jollier, should be, as Madame Latour says in the novel, "Vat you call oonâppie."

What is really sad for the poor things is that they must find but cold comfort in their own leaders. John Dillon is in prison, nicely looked after by the doctors, and out of all manner of excitement and trouble. Mr. O'Brien vapours; but vapours are not spirits. Sir William Harcourt, so voiceful after Southampton, so jaunty after Ayr, has not a joke to fling at a dog after Thanet, which indeed is fatally near "the Downs." Even before it Mr. John Morley at Chelsea yesterday week can hardly have been very enticing. It is very satisfactory to hear Mr. Morley urge that people should "do as they would be done by," a precept which has, we think, been urged before. But, then, this hardly applies to humble folk like ourselves, who, if we cheat our landlords, and murder our honest neighbours, and torture their animals, and so forth, do hereby assure Mr. Morley that the way we should like to be done by is exactly Mr. Balfour's way. "Hang us, Mr. Morley," we say; "imprison us; do anything in the way of coercing us if ever we behave like your friends." So that Mr. Morley's precept, which is excellent, but, we repeat, not quite original, does not apply to us. We do to his friends exactly as we would be done by if we were guilty of their crimes; and so the severest letter as well as the purest spirit of the Christiano-Morlean law is satisfied.

But the *dulce refrigerium* of Gladstonians in trouble is always Mr. Gladstone himself, and they had Mr. Gladstone last week after Thanet and in their depths of need, though before certain matters of later date, at full length and in full force. We deal with certain aspects of his speech elsewhere; but we cannot be such unjust men as not to know where to have Mr. Gladstone in more places than one. The ladies and gentlemen who "assembled to see a mosaic reredos" and hear Mr. Gladstone, as the official description goes, seem, according to Mr. Gladstone's idea, not to have assembled to see the reredos at all. At any rate, by his own admission, "their first idea" was not that work of art, which (acting up to its name) had to retire into the background altogether, but "the Thanet election." We shall not dwell on the Gladstonian arithmetic on this occasion, because that is by consent given up. The very *Freeman's Journal* acknowledges that it would be absurd to take into account the election on which Mr. Gladstone solemnly founds his calculation—an election in which only a disqualified Liberal candidate went to the poll. But we shall make a suggestion which has not, we think, been made. Let Mr. Gladstone take some election, no matter how far back, which went to the Tory side by default; then let him contrast zero with whatever Gladstonian vote has been cast since, and this will make him even happier than his Thanet calculations. But we are not going to argue on Home Rule at all. You need not argue, or at least you may fairly do something else besides argue, with a man who makes a long Home Rule speech to persons assembled to view a reredos in mosaic—in mosaic which no doubt could never be half so curious as the mosaic of Mr. Gladstone's politics, viewed historically. Let us take some little matters in the speech by themselves. "Some Tories," says Mr. Gladstone, and he is good enough to express a qualified approval of them which gratifies us the more since we belong to this section, "seem to be a sort of Rump of coercionists—a sort of men who regard coercion very much as the old-fashioned schoolmaster used to regard the use of the rod." Now Mr. Gladstone is a great master of rhetoric, but surely he mixed his metaphors here? The identification of the rump with the schoolmaster is sufficiently surprising, but the reason of the identification—that both approve of the rod—is more so, much more so. Mr. Gladstone must have forgotten his youth. Fortunately would it have been if he had also forgotten his history. But a subsequent allusion to Edward II. is almost more interesting. "Bad rulers" ought, it would therefore appear, to be "called to account" by the methods of Berkeley Castle. Mr. Gladstone is getting on. And it seems that it is because of the methods of Berkeley Castle that law is respected in this country. We are to worship St. Gourney and St. Matravers; their canonization is the latest fruit of Mr. Gladstone's historical studies. "Think thou no scorn to praise the horn" is his motto, for it seems that because the saints just mentioned applied that horn to Edward, "Englishmen and Englishwomen" adore law. Argal; if we let the modern Irish Gournays and Matravers apply engines of the same or similar character to landlords and landgrabbers, law will be "respectit like the lave" a few hundred years hence in Ireland also. O Professors Freeman and Rogers! O Master of University! O Dean of Winchester! blessed are ye among historians for your pupil, even William Ewart Gladstone.

But we may leave the "shrieks of the agonizing king" in which Mr. Gladstone hails the joyful birth-cry of British freedom and legality, and which so did delight the ladies and gentlemen assembled to see mosaics. We may pass the "admirable ingenuity of the Irish Nationalists," and we may come to another delightful lapsus of Mr. Gladstone's. In holding up the language of Mr. Balfour for the execration of the ladies and gentlemen assembled to behold the mosaic reredos, he said that it was proposed to "keep Ireland down, just as a nation of Thugs should be kept down." O righteous but maladroit judge! A nation

of Thugs? It is Mr. Gladstone who brings up a nation of Thugs as a comparison to the Irish, the rebel Nationalist, Separatist Irish nation, or part of a nation. And there is much to be said for it. Would any people who had not set up Kali in the place of their goddess have canonized the vulgar, cowardly, commonplace murder committed twenty years ago at Manchester? Would any but such a people (such a sect, we would rather say; for "nation," as applied to both Thugs and to Irish Nationalists, is Mr. Gladstone's misnomer, not ours) have perpetrated the Clerkenwell and the Regent Road crimes? Is it not rather a bad compliment to Thugs to compare them with the murderers of Mr. Gladstone's friend and secretary? Is there anything in the famous history of Thuggee that will much exceed the authentic story, unravelled by the orders of Mr. Gladstone's own Government, of Brady and Kelly, of "Skin-the-Goat" and "No. 1"? The only difference is that an apology is certainly due to the Thugs. Plunder in both cases is the object; and a quasi-religious belief is, in each case, the excuse; but the Thug methods are distinctly milder. The drugged rice and the waist-cloth would probably be welcomed by any of the victims whom Moonlighters have shot in the legs and left to die in torture. We don't read that Thugs were ever guilty of such exploits as that memorable one in the cattle byre which drew forth certain comments from Archbishop Croke. But still we grant Mr. Gladstone that there is a resemblance. For shortness, we turn to an excellent work of reference, Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, and turn up "Thug." "A feat of murder," we read, "is esteemed a most honourable distinction, which goes far to ennoble in the eyes of his fellows the Thug who has accomplished it." It's Irish, quite Irish, you know. "Their practices," by a quite startling coincidence, "were generally concealed under the guise of an honest industry, especially the culture of land." "A portion of the plunder is generally devoted to defraying the expenses of religious ceremonies," and we doubt not that the persons who benefit by the religious ceremonies have a kindness for Thugs.

So that, perhaps, the spirits of a shrewd Separatist on a visit to prosaic reredoses may not have been greatly raised by these little references to Edward II. and the Thugs; while, as for those not Separatists, we can well imagine them raising the old question, and asking "Is it sane?"

DRAMATIC RECORD.

THE announcement that Miss Ellen Terry would, by "kind permission of Mr. Irving," appear in a little piece at the St. George's Hall one night early last week, doubtless accounted for the extremely brilliant and large audience which assembled to see two rather stupid little plays given by a dramatic association known as the "Mummers," of which Miss Terry is the President. The occasion was furthermore rendered attractive by the debut of Miss Ailsa Craig. The pieces were *The Secret*, from the French, adapted by Miss Constance Beerbohm, and *Woolgathering*, translated from the German by A. Longridge. The first is very mysterious and confusing, and the second too long for the slight dramatic incident upon which it is founded. Miss Craig was, therefore, seen at a disadvantage, but she proved herself to be exceptionally gifted. She is pretty and graceful, and has a delightfully rich and musical voice. Miss Ellen Terry played for the first time the shortest part she has ever acted. She was a housemaid who had merely to introduce a gentleman and carry off a pet dog. But she did these trifling acts with so much grace, and looked so bewitching, that enthusiastic applause greeted both her entry and her exit.

The late Mr. Charles Reade was somewhat addicted to bringing charges of plagiarism against other writers, but when it suited his own purposes he does not seem to have objected to work himself that mine of inexhaustible wealth to British dramatists—the Parisian repertoire of the first half of this century. His *Double Marriage* is a drama which was received with no particular favour when originally produced at the Queen's Theatre many years ago, and its revival at a recent matinée at the Prince of Wales's convinced us not only of its French origin, not acknowledged, but reminded us that even its title was borrowed from a drama produced as early as 1683. The action takes place in the time of the first Napoleon, and deals with the tribulations of Mlle. Josephine de Beaurepaire, who, though secretly betrothed, is obliged by the pressure of circumstances to give her hand to another. She has no sooner done so, however, than she is claimed by her first lover for his wife. He eventually goes to the wars—the heroes of plays of this period are generally engaged by Napoleon in his various campaigns—and it is soon reported that he has been killed. Of course he returns in the last act to make Josephine happy. An intelligible plot, strong dialogue and quaint costumes, somehow or other fail to render *The Double Marriage* interesting or worthy of the author of *Masks and Faces*. Mrs. Dacre (Miss Amy Roselle) played the part of Josephine charmingly, and in certain pathetic scenes was genuinely affecting. Mr. Dacre was a manly Camille. Miss Emily Sheridan acted Clare de Beaurepaire in a rather amateurish fashion; but she has considerable grace.

At the Prince of Wales's Theatre Mr. Jocelyn Brandon's version of *L'Arlésienne*, known as *The Love that Kills*, has been revived for a series of matinées. When this fine piece was recently first

performed before an English audience we observed that it was difficult to take much interest in a drama in which the woman who works all the mischief remains invisible. This has been remedied, and it is *L'Arlésienne* now who leads the *farandole* in the first act, whereby her influence in the piece is considerably emphasized. Miss Birdie Irving, who represented this character, looked it to the life, and danced with a picturesque grace which was quite remarkable. Mr. Laurence Cautley and Miss Eyre acted exceedingly well as the unfortunate mother and lover. M. Marius stage-managed the piece and played the part of Mitiflo, the horse-trainer, perfectly. *L'Arlésienne* was so well received that there is some talk of its being played of an evening. Bizet's incidental music, which is absolutely charming, was excellently performed under the lead of Mr. Ivan Caryll, the choruses being sung by the members of the *Dorothy* company.

At the Olympic Theatre Messrs. R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh's play, *The Pointsman*, has been successfully revived. We have already praised the merits of this powerful drama, and especially its excellent language. Miss Agnes Hewitt now takes the part of the elder sister Lizzie, and plays it skilfully enough. Mr. J. G. Grahame is excellent as Tom Lidstone, and Mr. Edward O'Neill, who replaces Mr. Willard, made a deserved success, in spite of old associations.

A new comedy of Mr. J. P. Hurst, called *True Colours*, precedes *Bootles' Baby* at the Globe. The plot is ingenious, and shows how a fortune-hunter's mercenary intentions are neatly exposed by a shrewd widow. The dialogue is smart, and as the acting is bright it will doubtless run the race of success with *Bootles' Baby*.

The new open-air ballet at the Crystal Palace is quite worth the journey to Sydenham to see, being one of the very prettiest spectacles of its kind imaginable. It is founded on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is, indeed, merely a pantomimic representation of the fairy-scenes from that play. The little actors and actresses play their parts to perfection, and their costumes are delightfully fairylike. The officials of Titania and Oberon's Courts are attired in the daintiest apparel, and Peas Blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard Seed have, by way of attendants, little white rabbits and bright-green frogs; whilst other fairy personages, representing the stream and the wood, bear bulrushes and flags or lilies and fern-leaves. In the background are seen "fiery-eyed glowworms," and a real waterfall drips over the entrance to Titania's rose-covered bower. It is a perfect vision of fairyland. We might suggest, however, that it would be as well if the orchestra and the sheds of the men who manage the electric lights could be hidden from view—say, by branches of trees. They quite destroy the illusion.

WOOD v. COX.

ALTHOUGH the interest which the public took in the "sporting case"—in all senses of the words—of last week is now considerably discounted by the currency of another action for libel a thousand times more interesting, the adventures of Mr. Charles Wood and divers of his more or less aristocratic patrons are nevertheless deserving of the attention of the judicious. As regards the main issue of the trial there is not very much to be said. Mr. Cox, the editor of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, asserted in plain and short terms that Wood pulled a horse, called Success, in two particular races at Lewes and at Alexandra Park. The jury found that this charge was not substantiated. With this decision no impartial person can disagree. As regards the Lewes race there was so little evidence of Wood's having ridden dishonestly that, if that had been the only point at issue, the judge might have directed a verdict for the plaintiff without surprising anybody. The whole evidence was that Wood said he rode the horse as hard as he could, that some competent judges were disposed to agree with him, that others thought he rode honestly but badly, and that others again thought he did not try. If there was in such a case no evidence but that of persons who saw the race, it would require almost overwhelming testimony to prove pulling. The merest tiro in riding knows that it is all but impossible for anybody but the rider of a horse to know whether he and it are doing their best or not. There was no evidence at all that Wood had laid against Success or had any specific object to gain by its defeat. The evidence about the Alexandra Park race and the subsequent sale of the horse was more suspicious, but not more than suspicious. It did not in itself approach to proof of dishonest riding in that particular race. Under these circumstances, it can hardly be denied that a verdict for the plaintiff was the only proper one.

The fact that only nominal damages were awarded undoubtedly arose from the ruling of the Lord Chief Justice that it was competent to the defendant to give general evidence that the plaintiff was commonly believed to be in the habit of pulling horses. After the careful and exhaustive judgment of Mr. Justice Cave in the well-known case of *Scott v. Sampson* it was impossible that Lord Coleridge should rule otherwise. Until the Court of Appeal or the House of Lords shall arrive at a different conclusion—and persons interested in law may naturally hope that Wood will devote a part of his still considerable income to giving them an opportunity of doing so—it is clear law that such evidence may be given. This constitutes an exception consider-

ably more striking than satisfactory to the excellent general rule of law that hearsay and, *a fortiori*, vague gossip are not evidence. The evidence which cost Wood the substance of victory was not even "what the soldier said," but what the handicapper, the starter, and the Duchess had heard from people at large whose names they were not at liberty to mention. Somebody went so far in the direction of definiteness as to specify "men in the train" as the exponents of Wood's reputation, but, as a rule, there was not even so much precision as this. It is a tremendous exception, and, though it is justified by authority, it does not seem to rest upon any sound principle. The argument is that a person libelled sues for injury to his reputation, and that, if his reputation is bad, the injury done to it by a specific false accusation is not serious enough to deserve substantial compensation. As a principle of general application this appears to be highly fallacious. Any professional man might easily acquire a bad general reputation through the malignity, the jealousy, or the tattling of a small number of persons. Suppose that a physician were accused of mismanaging, wilfully or through gross negligence, the case of a particular patient, and that the specific accusation could not be supported. The plaintiff's whole future in life might depend upon his getting a verdict, and he might have brought his action upon the very first definite charge that he had been able to nail to the counter. Yet a score of his rivals, patients, and others, might be called to say "His general reputation is bad. He is spoken of as a reckless impostor." This might be quite true, because a few noisy persons might have thought proper to attack him whenever they could, and yet it might be extremely unjust. It is quite possible to imagine a case in which such evidence might reduce to little or nothing damages which ought to have been as heavy as any ever given for libel. It is also worth considering that a falsely libelled man is likely to suffer more injury from the libel if his reputation is vaguely bad than if it is good. The main grounds of objection to what must for the present be accepted as law are set out with much picturesque vigour in the judgments of the Court of Exchequer, in *Jones v. Stevens*, reported in 11 Price, and commented upon by Mr. Justice Cave in *Scott v. Sampson*. The matter is a serious one, and might well engage the attention of the law officers of the Crown with a view to deciding whether it is not expedient to amend the law by a declaratory or other statute.

It has been announced in appropriate quarters that what its chroniclers profess to regard as the genuine and only world of fashion is greatly exercised in its mind upon the questions of private morality and of legal expediency which arose over the letter addressed by the Duke of Portland, with all the confiding abandon of one who was but the other day a very young man, to his "dear Jacko." Each of these questions is perfectly easy of solution if they are only kept distinct. The Duke of Portland having deposed that he had continuously employed Wood, and had had no definite reason to suspect him of dishonesty, it was clearly competent to Sir Charles Russell to ask whether, on an occasion when Wood's honesty was notoriously attacked, he had not involved all jockeys in a sweeping and profane condemnation. Not only so, but if Sir Charles thought that his evidence was important, and that the production of the letter would decrease or destroy its importance, it was his absolute duty to produce it. It may be observed that Sir Charles's explanation, that if he had thought more about it he would have handed the letter to the Duke and asked permission to read it, was not a happy one. No witness in such a position could refuse to allow such a letter to be read without tacitly admitting it to be of a damaging character, and to put a man publicly to such a test comes practically to much the same as reading his letter. As to the behaviour of "My dear Jacko" in producing his old schoolfellow's letter in a matter in which he had no personal concern, it is unnecessary to add a word to Sir Henry James's anticipation that Lord Durham's friends will take uncommonly good care how they write familiarly to him in future.

Lord Coleridge's general reputation, if we may be permitted to give evidence of it, is not that of especially shining when he has to try heavy cases at nisi prius. His conduct of *Wood v. Cox* will not alter it. Artists in criminal law listened almost in stupefaction to his equally picturesque and misguided denunciation of Sir Augustus Stevenson for having granted a fiat for a criminal prosecution of Mr. Cox by Wood, on the ground that it was not a matter of public importance. His reference to the *Queen v. Labouchere* showed, however, that he was thinking only of the practice as to filing criminal informations in the High Court—for which, as has already been pointed out, no fiat is necessary—as to which the rule he enunciated must certainly, since that decision, be taken to apply. Nevertheless, to hear the chief criminal Judge in the country announce emphatically that libelling a private person on a subject of private interest is not a criminal offence was as refreshing as it was unedifying. Since the trial, a person asserting himself to have been one of the jury has confided to the editor of the *St. James's Gazette* that the verdict was a compromise between jurors who wanted to find for the defendant and jurors who wanted to give substantial damages; while all of them—or all but one—equally wanted their lunch. We might have guessed as much without being told. Nobody who knows anything of juries supposes that they usually arrive at their decisions by processes which would commend themselves to the possessors of mighty intellects. Their merit is that,

by the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, their decisions, however arrived at, present, on the whole, a greater amount of satisfactory features than could probably be attained in any other way.

CONCERTS.

ON Monday last Herr v. Czeke gave a Vocal and Instrumental Concert at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in aid of the Gordon Boys' Home at Chobham. The programme was an attractive, if rather lengthy, one, of which Herr v. Czeke's share was by no means the least interesting. His efforts, both alone and in conjunction with several other artists, were very warmly received, especially a "Rhapsodie Hongroise," by Hauser, and some Russian airs, arranged (?) by Wieniawski, in the weird changes of which he seemed fairly to revel, especially in some parts which appeared to bear the same proportion to music that the shrill cry of the bat does to the chirp and chatter of the ordinary birds of day. Another feature of the entertainment was Mr. Thomas's harp-playing, which resulted in a general and determined encore. On the programme was a dramatic scena, *Haroun al Raschid*, words by the late Archbishop of Dublin, music by the Rev. Frederick Harford. This "scena," which recounts how the Caliph forced a minstrel to speak the truth, is for male voices only, supported by an orchestra of piano, harp, violin, viola, 'cello, &c., strengthened by trombones, trumpets, hautboys, and cymbals, chosen from H.M. 1st regiment of Lifeguards—which orchestra, by the way, seemed occasionally rather too strong for the chorus, which was now and again drowned by the volume of sound immediately behind it. The recitatives for the Caliph (bass), taken by Mr. Hilton, left little to be desired, either in tone or clearness; though (with all humility we suggest) the music assigned to the minstrel (tenor) scarcely justified the praise bestowed on it by the chorus and the Caliph, a fault not due to the singer, Mr. Harper Kearton, who undoubtedly did his best for it. The lady vocalists were Mme. Liebhart, whose two songs—by Schumann and Mendelssohn respectively—were evidently very welcome to the audience; Mme. de Brémont, who sang some super-sentimental words set to rather dreary music by the composer of the *Haroun al Raschid* scena; and Miss Gingold, whose voice showed to great advantage in Coenen's "Lovely Spring." Herr Grossheim and Herr Gustav Ernst also added much to the concert, the latter especially, both as a performer and as conductor. In short, the concert was a good all-round one, and the only thing that could possibly be complained of was that the Hall seemed scarcely so full as was deserved by the talent of the artists and the excellence of the charity in whose behalf they exerted themselves.

Space forbids us to do more than mention a *Matinée Musicale* given last Thursday in Messrs. Collard's Rooms, at which Miss Edith Powles, assisted by Mme. Osborne Williams, Miss Maud Boyd, and other distinguished artists, made her *début*, and created a most favourable impression, as well by the freshness of her voice and purity of intonation as by the simplicity of her singing. Miss Edith Powles possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable range and power; in her choice of songs she wisely refrained from any vocal gymnastics, but the sweetness and flexibility of her voice should make her a valuable addition to the concert-room and to all musical circles where unaffected and ladylike singing is appreciated.

THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL.

ON June 27th the official organ of the Vatican, *L'Osservatore Romano*, published the Latin, and on the following day the Italian, text of the most important Encyclical yet issued by Pope Leo XIII. It fills no less than nine columns of closely printed matter, and is said on good authority to be the result of three years' labour and research. To the ordinary reader this will appear almost incredible; for, once it is divested of that exceeding verbosity which is inseparable from Papal documents of this class, a single column would suffice for a *résumé* of its contents. But the composition of a Papal encyclical has to follow well-defined rules; every word has to be weighed, and, being based on certain formal precedents, it must be composed in a sort of official language, which to the common of mortals sounds, to say the least of it, singularly antiquated. Needless to say that Pope Leo's Latin is faultlessly elegant, for it is well known that he is one of the finest classicists of our time. The Italians, always on the alert when Leo XIII. writes officially, are pleased to observe that the tone of this Encyclical is exceedingly moderate, and that it contains nothing to offend their susceptibilities. Indeed, the word Italy is introduced but once, and then only incidentally. Those, however, who are accustomed to reading between the lines of Papal mandates find significance in the following lines, which they consider are especially dedicated to Italian Catholics. "Neither does the Church disapprove of nations desiring—always within the limits of justice—their independence from foreign or despotic governments." But this Encyclical, like its famous predecessor *De Immortalitate Dei*, is addressed, through the archbishops and bishops, rather to their flocks than to secular Governments. Its great importance con-

sists in the fact that it defines the attitude a Roman Catholic may assume towards modern Liberalism, and shows him exactly the path he may tread if he wishes to follow a political career, and yet remain a conscientious member of his Church. He is to remember, above all things, that he is a Christian, believing firmly in the Divinity of Jesus Christ and in revealed religion, and that his rule of life is based on the law of God as laid down in the Ten Commandments. So long as Liberalism does not interfere with his belief, he is perfectly free to act as his judgment dictates, and to choose and support the form of government he prefers. But this government, be it monarchical, constitutional, or democratic, must be Christian, and the promoter of the interests of Christianity. His Holiness severely condemns all other kind of liberty, which he declares is bound to end in disorder, license, and anarchy. The State must not be separated from the Church, for such severance tacitly encourages a belief among the masses that religion may or may not be believed in according to caprice. To educate youth, for instance, without the aid of religion is to insinuate that religion is more or less worthless, and that one form of it is as good as another. In short, the separation of Church and State, the Pope declares, is an encouragement of atheism, and must, therefore, be condemned by Christians. In all matters which do not affect revealed religion and morality men are at liberty to think and act as they please. With regard to the liberty of the press, the Pontiff does not for a moment think that it should be in any way diminished, except when it offends religion and degenerates into licentiousness. "The abuse of talent, when employed for the corruption of the ignorant," says he, "should be as sternly discountenanced as the abuse of material force, when it oppresses the weak and lowly." A careful perusal of this lengthy document does not disclose a single idea which cannot be accepted by all sincere Christians. It points out very clearly that one who believes in Christ, and who sincerely and earnestly accepts His law, cannot co-operate in the projects of those who would banish religious influences altogether from the civil life of nations. The Christian is face to face, says the Pontiff, with Agnosticism and doubt, and it behoves him now more than ever to be vigilant in defending his faith and openly acknowledging the sincerity of his belief. He is free, but only so long as he is obedient to the laws of God. When we remember the vast influence of the Roman Catholic Church, and the almost implicit obedience with which its numerous hierarchy obeys its supreme chief, we may conclude that the words of Pope Leo XIII., so firm and logical, will be heard by multitudes with fruitful results. In an age when faith is so sorely tried, it is consoling to read this dignified Encyclical, and to find that it includes no words of bitterness or reproach, no trace of bigotry or narrow-mindedness. A courageous and august voice uplifted in the midst of the prevailing discord of opinions, firmly yet gently reminding Christians of their duty, commands respect, and let us hope will also obtain obedience.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

II.

THE Selections are generally held to be the most interesting part of the Handel Festival. To hear extracts from the less known oratorios, cantatas, operas, or instrumental works pleases one more than listening to vulgar rearrangements of the well-known *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*. The first of these two is better heard under Mr. Lamoureux, or some one who is not handicapped with all the weight of the Sacred Harmonic Society and its unfortunate traditions. Mr. Manns has done much, especially in making the accompaniments of airs more orderly; but he has not yet dared to still the sacred orgies of Bacchanalian and military *Messiahs* and *Israels*.

Of the Selection Day, then, we have good things to report. It is not often that one hears singing as artistic and yet as modest as that of Mme. Trebelli in "*Lascia ch' io pianga*," Mme. Nordica in "*Hush, ye pretty warbling choir*," Mr. Lloyd in "*Love in her Eyes*," and Mr. Santley in "*Honour and Arms*." The interpretations of these airs were perfect. The feeling put into the execution was natural feeling arising from the tune, and not one merely suited to the singer's sentiments, voice, and method. Both in "*Lascia*" and in "*Jehovah Crowned*" (*Esther*) Mme. Trebelli pronounced her words admirably, and added not a little to the effect of her noble declamatory style. The splendid fibre of her voice, which thrills one to the core, seemed in no way impaired; though in "*Jehovah Crowned*" a powerful accompaniment of brass must have tended to make her notes appear thinner by contrast. Handel used the matter of this air and the chorus "*He Comes*," also included in the selection, for the Concerto for Double Orchestra, which was one of the best things of the Festival of 1885. It is difficult to think of the sparse and delicate use made of brass in the Concerto, and to believe that Handel would have approved of the overloaded accompaniment of this air and chorus. Mme. Nordica sang "*So shall the lute and harp*" (*Judas Maccabeus*), and "*Hush, ye pretty warbling choir*" (*Acis*), clearly, actively, and with plenty of fire. She is one of the few singers who really read the music, and appear to think Handel not always lugubrious or sentimental. Mme. Albani is, beyond dispute, a great singer in music that suits her. In our opinion Handel rarely does. Her idea of

sentiment is scarcely dignified enough. She dwells on notes, drags and softens down passages, and appears to wish to be at modern passionate music. Many people nowadays seem to be incapable of rendering, or even conceiving of, any human emotion that is not passionate. "Let the bright Seraphim" went badly, and lacked force and precision of accent as far as both voice and trumpet were concerned. Mme. Albani made much of her high A; but beauty of voice alone will not do justice to Handel's clear-cut form and stately simplicity of sentiment. "*Ombra mai fu*" was not firm and measured enough, and perhaps Mme. Albani's best and least affected appearance was in the song "*Guardian Angels*" from *The Triumph of Time and Truth*. In addition to "*Love in her Eyes*" Mr. Lloyd sang the fine martial air "*Call forth thy powers*" (*Judas Maccabeus*) with great spirit and animation. Mr. Barton McGuckin entirely missed the severe majesty and heroic simplicity which tempers the sorrow of "*Total Eclipse*." By not marking the accents and by injudicious softness and uncalled-for pianos, he made its character much too tearful. He was more successful in "*When two fond hearts*" and in "*Waft her, Angels*," which he sang with really admirable grace and suavity, perhaps because these songs are more flowing and less dramatic and declamatory than "*Total Eclipse*." Though Handel's music is not passionate, his airs are not without special character and a very marked expression. Measures suitable to feelings of pomp, stateliness, courage, heroic defiance and resignation, &c., are what he chiefly seeks, and no one knows better than Mr. Santley how to give voice to moods which may seem almost antique and foreign to the people of the present day. In his hands "*Del minacciar del vento*" (*Ottone*) was scarcely less thrilling than "*Honour and Arms*." Mme. Nordica, Miss Emily Squire, and Mme. Trebelli produced a very good effect in the trio of "*See the Conquering Hero comes*"; the chorus of virgins followed agreeably, but the entry of the full chorus let loose an intolerable riot of coarse instrumentation that suited this stately simple strain about as well as flaming posters a Greek temple. Not even the purely instrumental music is entirely free from such outrages—witness the Overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*. On the other hand, one turns with pleasure to such numbers as the Organ Concerto, No. 7, where the real Handel appeared in the musician-like interpretation of Mr. W. T. Best and the fine conduct of the orchestra. We have already spoken of the chorus "*Calumny*," played as Handel wrote it, with a judicious filling part supplied by Mr. Prout for the organ. No one who heard the fine quality of the mass of voices converging on the forte "*Fly*" but must have wished to hear all the grand choruses of the *Messiah* and *Israel* done in similar fashion. That it was not loudly applauded will not, we hope, deter Mr. Manns from proceeding with reforms for which he deserves the greatest credit. The noisy part of the audience naturally count everything dull between the entries of the big drum and the heavy brass, but they will soon follow the lead of real musicians.

As we have said before, several of the choruses in *Israel* lost all their solemnity and volume from injudicious additions. We were glad to see, however, that Mr. Manns had made an improvement in others since the last Festival, and it is to be hoped that on the next occasion he will have cut away all the disfiguring rubbish which has made Handel popular amongst classes of people to whom his very name would be unknown were it not that the bagmen of art have made him a commercial article. In the tenor solos of this oratorio Mr. Lloyd proved himself as fine an artist as ever, and to him belong the honours of the day. To Messrs. Bridson and Brereton, however, great praise must be accorded for their vigorous rendering of "*The Lord is a man of war*," and to Madame Patey, who sang in much finer style than she did in the *Messiah*. Miss Annie Marriott ran very smoothly and skilfully through "*Thou didst blow*," and Mme. Valleria did her best in a difficult part which requires a voice of greater volume.

We cannot dismiss the subject without a word to the amiable wild beast who chiefly attends the Handel Festival. We understand excess and riotous living. We would not, therefore, deprive him of the tremulous excitement of a fevered moment. But would not Sir M. Costa's setting of "*God save the Queen*," played at the end of each day *bien entendu*, satisfy all reasonable requirements of the Handel debauchee?

THE BREWERY BOOM.

THE extraordinary success that attended the conversion of Messrs. Arthur Guinness, Sons, & Co. into a limited liability Company came as a revelation to brewery-owners, company-mongers and promoters. Here was a property the shares in which were run up in a few weeks to a premium of 100 per cent., and in a few months to a premium of 200 per cent. Had the movement been the work of speculation alone it would have had little significance, for everybody knows how market manipulation can send up prices. But this week—about twenty-one months after the bringing out of the Company—the quotation of the stock into which the shares have been converted is about 327. In other words, the public insist that the value of the brewery is very nearly three times as great as that put upon it by Sir

Edward Guinness. It may well be doubted whether Sir Edward Guinness was so much mistaken as to the real worth of the property, which had been made by his own family, and had been in that family for nearly a century and a half. But it must be admitted at the same time that the demand for the stock is understood to be mainly for Dublin buyers, and principally, it is said, for members of the licensed victuallers' trade in Dublin; in other words, for persons who live upon the spot and ought to know, if anybody does, the value of the brewery. However, our object just now is not to discuss whether the Guinness stock is too high or too low, but only to point to the fact that the extraordinary rise which has taken place seems to prove conclusively that there is a vast amount of idle money waiting for investment, and that the owners of this money look with extraordinary favour upon good breweries. Naturally, the demand of the public for brewery properties has been gratified. Previously there had existed a strong desire to turn private concerns into limited liability Companies. Amongst others, several breweries had been so converted; but the success of the Guinness conversion gave a new stimulus to the process. The *Statist* has recently published a table of the number of breweries which have been converted into limited liability Companies from the beginning of 1886 to the 1st of June—that is, for two years and five months—and it adds opposite each name the share capital issued. Unfortunately it does not give the debentures likewise issued, which would have made the table complete; but, roughly, we may say that the issue of debentures is between five and six millions sterling. It appears from the *Statist* table that in the year 1886 there were altogether twenty-six breweries converted into limited liability Companies, and that the share capital of these twenty-six concerns amounted to 7,933,500*l*. The Guinness conversion took place in that year, and the capital of the Guinness Company was 4½ millions. In round figures, therefore, if we deduct the Guinness concern, the amount of capital asked from the public on account of breweries turned into limited liability Companies was somewhat under 3½ millions. In 1887 there were thirty-one breweries converted into limited liability Companies, the share capital being a little under 5½ millions. The only great concern last year was Allsopp & Sons, the share capital of which was 2,200,000*l*. Roughly, therefore, leaving out of account the Allsopp concern, as the year before we left the Guinness, there were thirty breweries turned into limited liability Companies, with an aggregate capital of about 3½ millions. In the first five months of the present year there were thirty-three breweries turned into limited liability Companies, with an aggregate capital of about 8 millions. Since then Coombes's brewery, with a capital of 2 millions, has been brought out, and a few others, with an aggregate capital of about ½ million; raising the total capital for the half-year just ended to about 10½ millions. Altogether, in the two and a half years, over ninety breweries have been converted into limited liability Companies, and the capital created has been about 24 millions sterling. Adding the debentures, we get a total of about 30 millions sterling, either capital subscribed or offered for subscription to the public for breweries alone in the past two and a half years.

It will be seen how much more rapid during the past six months has been the conversion of breweries into limited liability Companies than in the two previous years. In fact, the number of conversions in the past six months is greater than in the whole of either of the preceding years; and the capital of the aggregate Companies is very considerably larger likewise. In 1886, even including Guinness and Ind Coope—the two together amounting to 6 millions—the total share capital invited from the public was under 8 millions. In 1887, again, although the Allsopp conversion—which was nearly 2½ millions—is included, the capital was under 5½ millions. But in the past six months the capital was about 10½ millions. It is true that Bass, with a capital of nearly 2½ millions, and Coombes, with a capital of nearly 2 millions, are included in the past six months, and it is likewise true that the Bass conversion can scarcely be called an appeal to the public for capital. Even if we omit it, however, it will be seen that the applications to the public for subscriptions were larger in the past six months than even in the whole of 1886, including the Guinness operation. It need hardly be observed here, perhaps, that the conversions of these breweries into limited liability Companies do not diminish the amount of idle money waiting for investment. Speaking broadly, the concerns converted are situated within the United Kingdom. There are a few foreign breweries, but to these our present remarks do not apply. The great majority are British and Irish. The vendors of these British and Irish breweries received from the British and Irish public the money paid for the concerns, and they of course have to re-invest it in some form or other. In other words, the money remains within the United Kingdom, and has to be invested in some form. Nevertheless, the transfer of the money from one class to another may have a considerable influence upon the business of the Stock Exchange. The owners of great breweries, like the Guinness family, the Allsopps, the Coombes, and the like, are not likely to use the money speculatively. They have disposed of a great business, which yielded them very large annual incomes, and as prudent men they would naturally invest the purchase-money in securities that would be safe above everything. They would look, in other words, to the safety of the investment much rather than to the rate of interest it would yield. But the very fact that multitudes of the public have been willing to buy a kind of business like breweries, which they do not understand, and the management of which they entrust

to others, is evidence that they are more or less of a speculative turn of mind. The transfer, then, of such large sums of money as we have above been enumerating from a more to a less speculative class, cannot fail to have a considerable influence upon speculative business on the Stock Exchange, and probably to this is largely due the recent quietude upon the Stock Exchange. Of course we do not forget that the principal influence is the fear entertained of political troubles upon the Continent, but doubtless the passing over of such immense sums from a more speculative to a less speculative class has a considerable influence, especially when we bear in mind that breweries are only one of the properties which have been converted in large numbers in recent years into limited liability concerns.

The main cause of the eagerness of the public for investment in brewery shares and stocks is of course the high prices of all sound securities. We had a striking illustration of the scarcity of sound securities this spring, in the fact that, while there was an almost universal fear of war upon the Continent, our own Government has been able to convert its Three per Cents into Two and three-quarter per Cents, which at the end of fifteen years will become Two and a half per Cents, and that now it is able to give notice that it will pay off at par in twelve months' time those holders of the Three per Cents who refused to convert. There could hardly be a more striking proof of the low yield of safe securities. Then again, as we know, debenture and preference stocks have risen to a price at which they yield little more than 3 per cent. to the investor, while even the ordinary stocks of British railways give the purchasers only from 3 to 4 per cent., instead of from 5 to 6 per cent. as they did a quarter of a century ago. The saving classes are dissatisfied with these low rates of interest, and are looking out in every direction for new securities that will give them a better yield. Foreign Government bonds, as we pointed out last week, have been driven by the speculators of Berlin and Paris to extravagant prices; and besides there is the fear that a great war may play havoc with the finances of several Continental countries. American railroad mortgage bonds have been largely bought of late; but unfortunately the shares are still discredited by the bad management to which they are subject. Under these circumstances, the public find it extremely difficult to discover any investments that will give them what they think a reasonable rate of interest, and when they are offered such businesses as that of the Messrs. Guinness they are willing, as we have seen, to pay prices for them that even the Messrs. Guinness themselves consider extravagant. The Guinness brewery, whatever may be thought of the present price of the stock, is exceptionally circumstanced. It is the greatest brewery in the world, and practically it has got what amounts to a monopoly. Several of the other great breweries, no doubt, also are doing a very handsome business, and even at present prices may give a return with which the shareholders may be fairly satisfied. But there is a considerable number of the breweries that have been converted lately, and are being converted at the present time, into limited liability Companies which the investing public would do well to examine very carefully before they put their money in them. It is a matter of course that when the public show themselves so eager to get brewery shares, brewery shares should be offered to them in large numbers; and if good breweries are not forthcoming in the requisite number, that bad breweries should be found. The public, then, should be cautious in choosing investments, and should remember that there are breweries and breweries, and that while some may give them a fair return for their money others are likely to prove a loss. There are perfectly good reasons why the owners of profitable breweries should wish to turn them into limited liability Companies. There are few private individuals rich enough to buy a large brewery, and amongst these few the number must be small indeed who have either the wish or the qualification to undertake its management. Practically, therefore, the owner of a great brewery finds it impossible without serious loss to dispose of his business in any other form than by turning it into a limited liability Company. When once it is so converted, and the shares have obtained a quotation on the Stock Exchange, it is easy for him to realize any part of the property he may wish. He can retain so large an interest in the brewery as will practically leave to him a controlling voice in its management, and yet he may rest content that when occasion arises he will be able to realize the property speedily and without loss. If, then, either through age or through a desire for greater leisure, or through the wish to provide for daughters and younger sons, a brewery owner sees it to be desirable that he should have the means of realizing a large portion of his interest in the brewery, the best and surest way of doing so is by converting it into a limited liability Company. There is nothing then suspicious in the fact that a brewery is so converted; but there is much that is suspicious in the rush to convert we witness at present, when we see in a single six months more breweries turned into limited liability Companies than were so turned even in the year that followed the success of the Guinness conversion. It is time for the public to be on their guard, for they may be very sure that a portion of the business offered to them will not bear a very careful scrutiny. If, however, the public will exercise due caution and discrimination we do not doubt that the conversion of these concerns into limited liability Companies may prove beneficial to them as well as to the vendors.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

IF anything could invest M. Gounod's most popular work with new interest, it must be such an occasion as last Saturday's performance of *Faust* at Covent Garden, when all the talents available were presented in combination, and orchestra and chorus showed how beneficial is experience and hard work, how—more than is usually the case—the height of the season is superior to the beginning. The *Faust* of M. Jean de Reszke and the Mephistopheles of M. Edouard de Reszke are among the most imposing impersonations to be witnessed on the operatic stage. They respond to the exacting demands of the modern ideal, while they delight old opera-goers who are not prepared to accept excellent acting as in the least degree extenuating indifferent vocal art. Happily, while it abounds in opportunities for the dramatic capacity of the singer, M. Gounod's opera is of the kind that must always appeal to great singers and lovers of music, and the distinction belongs to both the MMs. de Reszke that they are equally impressive as vocalists and actors. The accession to the cast of that complete artist and admirable singer, M. Lassalle, in the part of Valentine, proved, as might be expected, to be a notable gain to the most dramatic scene in the opera. We have never heard the scene better rendered, or presented with an effect so electrical; the brothers De Reszke being in every way allies worthy of association with M. Lassalle's splendid voice and exemplary method. Those who can recall Mr. Santley's memorable appearance as Valentine might perhaps be tempted to the delicate business of analysing the respective merits of the English baritone and the French. Each, we take it, must be considered a manifestation of art infinitely removed from the average Valentine of the opera. The Margherita of Mme. Albani has been fully discussed from time to time. It has, among other good points, the merit of individuality, and on Saturday the part gained considerably upon previous renderings by Mme. Albani through a more temperate and, on the whole, judicious play of gesture. The singer, who was in excellent voice, was exceptionally admirable through all the emotional phases of the music in the Garden scene. Once more the singing of the chorus and the *ensemble* of the opera call for recognition. We have never known the stirring scene of the soldiers' entrance and chorus, with the varying movements of the acclaiming people, given with so much truth and force of effect.

REVIEWS.

CALDERON'S PLAYS.*

EVEN if there were far less of a laudatory character to be said about Mr. Maccoll's *Select Plays of Calderon* than must in fairness be said, he would still be entitled to praise for having brought it out at all. Spanish has of late years been much neglected in this country. At a time when the study of modern languages has been so extended at the Universities that it includes even dialects, and proposes to include the obscure tongues of obscure peoples, it is almost scandalous that the great Peninsular languages should be so much neglected by scholars. The numerous recent translations of *Don Quixote* and Mr. Gibson's versions of the *Viaje* and the *Numantia* may be cited as proofs to the contrary; but Cervantes is almost one of us, and may serve here as the exception which proves the rule. Mr. Maccoll's book is, we trust, a sign that the old interest in Spanish literature is reviving, and it is therefore to be welcomed, unless, indeed, it were so bad a book as to threaten to do more harm than good. But it is not a bad book. Whether Mr. Maccoll has made the best possible selection from among the plays of the great Spanish romantic dramatist is a point on which opinions will differ. Therefore, whatever objections we have to make to Mr. Maccoll's shall be made with the proviso that it is not unknown to us how easily the literary son of Adam is led to declare that best which is, in fact, only more to his own taste, and to do so without adding the "because" which distinguishes the *Liebhaber* from the *Kunstrichter*. With this qualification we proceed to express the opinion that Mr. Maccoll might have found four works more exhaustively illustrative of Calderon's genius than those he has chosen—to wit, *El Príncipe Constante*, *La Vida es Sueño*, *El Alcalde de Zalamea*, and *El Escondido y la Tapada*. To the last there is no objection to be made. It is a good specimen of the *comedia de capa y espada*, and if one of half a dozen others might as well have been chosen, no other has a much better claim to be here. *La Vida es Sueño* comes in as of right. But we have great doubts as to the *Alcalde de Zalamea*. It is a most readable play, with a degree of human interest and a truth to individual character rare on the Spanish stage. For these reasons it is excellent literature; but for them also it is an exceptional work, and might, in a selection meant to be representative of Calderon, have been replaced by *El Médico de su Honra* or *A secreto Agraviado secreta Venganza* or *La Niña de Arias Gomez*. As regards *El Príncipe Constante* we have no doubt. It ought to have been rejected in favour of an *auto*, not because it is not a fine play of its kind, but because it contains nothing essentially Calderonesque which is not also to be found in *La Vida es Sueño*, in any of the three

dramas of love and jealousy named, or even in parts of the *Alcalde de Zalamea*. In this volume it occupies the place of something so characteristic that the want of it destroys the claim of the selection to be considered fully representative. Mr. Maccoll gives his reasons for deciding not to include an *auto*. "The *autos*," he says, "have not the absolute value which is the privilege of literature of the first order; their effect varies according to the greater or less belief of the reader in the dogmas of the Catholic [Roman-Catholic?] Church and the allegorical interpretation of Scripture." Now, allowing this to be true, it does not take away the representative character of the *autos*; but we do not accept Mr. Maccoll's reasons for thinking it true. If, as he himself allows, Calderon threw "his whole heart and soul" into them; if "he triumphed over seemingly intractable materials, and produced a really dramatic effect"; if he "put into the mouths of his shadowy characters bursts of poetry of a most striking kind," surely he attained to as high a literary excellence as his genius could reach. In truth, Mr. Maccoll appears to have judged the poetry by the subject, and not by its essential qualities. He confesses as much when he says that "to readers to whom the allegorical interpretation of Scripture seems arbitrary and fantastic, much of this symbolism is inevitably irritating from its lack of reality, rather than impressive." In other words, Mr. Maccoll does not like the divinity of the *autos*, and his dislike blinds him a little to the poetry—which is human, but not critical. If dramatic works cannot rank as literature of the first order because there is much in them which is arbitrary and fantastic and lacking in reality, then we fail to see why the jealous husbands, the servants, *galanes*, and *damas*, and old men of the romantic plays are to rank before the shadowy personages of the *autos*. Sin and Death, Despair, Spiritual Pride, and the Lusts of the Flesh are as real entities to us all as the standing masks of Spanish comedy. To some they are even more real.

Mr. Maccoll has provided his book with a preface, introductions to each play, and notes. The last are mainly grammatical and explanatory of the text, being intended to help the beginner in the study. To him they should be a real assistance, and we have not noticed one which will be a mere crib. In his preface, Mr. Maccoll devotes a section to the metres of the Spanish *comedia* which will be found useful by the student. The wording of the beginning of this passage is a little curious. To say that "the Spanish drama can boast of no metre of its own," and "that it availed itself of various metres already in existence when it took form and shape," is true, but so it would be of the French or English. The Alexandrine is older than Montchrestien, and blank verse than the Elizabethans. Our dramatic literature, too, has used other metres than blank verse—to say nothing of its free employment of prose. Mr. Maccoll only meant to say that no metre, not even the octosyllabic trochaic assonant, dominates the Spanish as the Alexandrine does the French or blank verse the English dramatic literature. In this passage of his preface the editor has had, and properly acknowledges, the guidance of the *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias* of Lope de Vega. This name brings us to another point of difference with Mr. Maccoll, and, indeed, almost every late writer on Spanish literature, except the master of them all, M. Morel-Fatio. They compel one to turn for Lope de Vega, as the Spaniards would say. Mr. Maccoll distinctly goes out of his way more than once to assert the superiority of his own man, but the evidence he gives for his opinion is not convincing. It amounts to this—that Calderon redid some of Lope's poorer plays, and made more of them than the inventor. To this Mr. Maccoll supplies an answer himself when he says that "Of course it is open to Lope's admirers to retort that Calderon left Lope's best plays untouched, and only remodelled his inferior work." So it is; and it is no answer to them to say "So much the more to the credit of Calderon's critical sagacity," as Mr. Maccoll does. Lope's men are entitled to rejoice that the remodelling was a confession, if not of inferiority, at least of pupilage. But, indeed, would it not be well if all men agreed to remember Heine's fine curse on the shopkeeper and peddling criticism which weighs and measures flame, and to give up comparing the inches of poets? Calderon was a master of stage effect, and had withal a high and passionate vein all his own. His place is sure; but, after all, Lope came first. He fixed the form of the Spanish drama, deliberately and after examining and rejecting the Senecan model. The *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias* is there to prove that he was an artist working with a definite aim and thorough knowledge of how it was to be obtained. All who came later—Rojas and Alarcon, and Moreto and Calderon—were necessarily his followers; and, though each had his own spirit and qualities, none of them modified Lope's model. Therefore is Lope de Vega the master, leader and founder of Spanish dramatic literature. If he must be compared with his great follower, the comparison should be not between what Lope did in his haste and Calderon at his best, but between the *Estrella de Sevilla*, for instance, and the *Médico de su Honra*, between the *Esclava de su Galán* and the *Escondido y la Tapada*. When that juxtaposition is made, the individuality of Calderon will not suffer; but his superiority in the technical skill of the dramaturge will be by no means self-evident. So much must be said to unburden our soul; but we have no serious fear that Mr. Maccoll will greatly mislead any reader who has love enough and understanding enough of stage literature to fit him to appreciate the Spanish drama. In the main lines the preface is thoroughly sound. Mr. Maccoll points out with adequate precision that the Spanish play is a play of action rather than of character, and he

* *Select Plays of Calderon*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Norman Maccoll, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

supplies a sketch of the state of the stage in the seventeenth century which will be an excellent introduction to further study. For mere accuracy's sake he might have said that the *comedia de capa y espada* is, in fact, genteel comedy. The *Caballero de Capa y Espada* was simply the man about town in Madrid—the gentleman who was neither officer on active service, soldier, nor priest. But then there is a pleasant flavour of romance about the words cloak and sword which we should be sorry to lose.

At the end may we make a suggestion to all future editors of Spanish—and, indeed, of other—plays? It is that they should imitate Mr. G. H. Lewes's admirable custom of keeping the stage before his mind's eye when he was writing about a play. Having duly noticed the moral tone of their man, his faculty for character-drawing, and his metres, they might remember that a play is a thing meant to be acted on a stage. To show its merits for this purpose it is not enough to speak generally of the author's skill as a dramatist and refer the reader to his pages. The dramatic critic, who, like other critics, ought to be the man who says "because" and "this is the reason why," must not get off so cheaply. His business is to take a play, to go through it scene by scene and act by act, showing why Scene Two naturally grows out of Number One, and leads on to Three, and why a thing done in Scene Five of the First Act produces its due effect in Scene Four of the Second Act. Thus may he get at the heart of his author's mystery, which is his duty as a critic. Through it all he should keep the stage before his own eye and the eye of his reader, and never forget how a thing would probably look when the curtain was up. In this way the acting qualities of acting things might be properly tackled; as it is the literary critic of the day—of whom we desire to speak with profound respect—commonly tells us everything about a dramatic author except that he wrote for the stage. That is passed over as a detail of no consequence compared to metres.

NOVELS.*

AS regards style, plot, character-drawing—everything, indeed, that goes to create a good novel—there is not much to choose between the five stories before us; but the name that stands at the head of the list has a ring that is dear and familiar to the students of Gaboriau and Montépin. This is perhaps unfortunate for the author, as it raises hopes which he cannot fulfil. The construction of the book is decidedly poor, the ability to interest the reader is slight, and the knowledge of American manners and ways of feeling, which occupy a large proportion of the work, is slighter still. There is the clumsy device of an Epilogue and a Prologue, in which we are introduced to a singular being of many disappearances and more names, who plays the part of a *deus ex machina* at the critical moment. The rest of the tale is merely the account of how a French manufacturer called Deblain went over to Philadelphia on business, and, after flirting for some weeks with Rhea Panton, the pretty daughter of his host, went out riding with her alone one day. While the two were at lunch together in the arbour of a wayside inn, they were confronted by the young lady's uncle, a clergyman of some persuasion, and his son, likewise a suitor for Miss Rhea Panton's hand, or rather fortune, and the sheriff of the district. Miss Panton was then informed that she had compromised herself by riding alone with her father's guest, a man more than twice her own age, and in order to retrieve her reputation, must allow her uncle to perform the marriage ceremony then and there. The boasted liberty of American damsels does not seem worth much if they often have to pay such a heavy price for it; but it seems that the whole thing was a deep-laid scheme of the enraged uncle's, in order to put Rhea in an awkward position and force her to marry her cousin. This ingenious plot falls to the ground; Rhea and M. Deblain are then and there made one, and the papa when he is informed smiles agreeably. Rhea goes back with her husband to France and the constant society of his next-door neighbour and bosom friend Dr. Plemen, and revolutionizes the small provincial town by her incessant gaieties. Her husband, though not in love with her, is good-natured and rich, and Rhea is soon assisted in her pleasures by the arrival of her sister Jenny, whose husband is sent on a mission to China. It is at this point that the author becomes most amusing. He wishes to convey the idea of two young and beautiful women who preserve their self-respect amidst perfect freedom of manners, but unluckily he is apparently totally ignorant of the true nature of that quality. When Dr. Plemen suddenly confesses to Rhea his passion for her, and asks her to return it, she tells him calmly that she has long seen it, and will never bring dishonour on her husband, but that had she met the Doctor in former days, no other man could have touched her heart. This high-minded young person next utilizes

the Doctor's love for her, and induces him to give up the dream of years and retire from the candidature of the department in favour of her husband, who would then have to take her to live in Paris. After this it is hardly surprising that one day, when she finds her married sister Jenny in despair at the idea of her husband's return, and reads the bundle of letters which Jenny thrusts into her lap, the virtuous Rhea should exclaim, "with comic gravity," "Oh, the poor Colonel," and go on to remark that it was "charming, delightful!" Few corrupt ladies, even in a French novel, would receive similar intelligence in a similarly unconcerned way. Mr. Panton and his pious brother-in-law and the *deus ex machina* are, however, equally complacent, and a few months later, when Jenny is going back with them to her native land, permit the addition of a "pore small baby" to the party, with merely a smiling apology for being so stupid as not to understand. The poisoning of Deblain by Plemen, and the trial of Deblain's widow for the crime, take up the last half of the book, which is as dull as the first. The trial is conducted in a curiously slipshod manner, and no one takes any notice of the fact that Mme. Deblain declares that she has spent the night of her husband's death in her own room, when her own witnesses prove that she has been nine miles away, assisting at the advent of the "pore small baby." From these specimens it will be easy to judge of the nature of the book.

The Pillar House (which must not be confused with *The Pillars of the House*, who were flesh and blood pillars) is far less pretentious, and is pleasantly told, while there is a certain amount of ingenuity in the plot. The conception of a weak-minded, harmless, fragile girl, worn out by struggling with poverty, falling into somnambulist habits, and, while the victim of a horrid dream, murdering her husband's hard employer, is new to fiction. Her husband, who is the only person who has access at night to the old man, and who gets a legacy under the will, is suspected, and, quite unsuspecting of the truth himself, works first with the police, and then after them, to discover the real murderer, and so clear himself. When the wife comes in a state of somnambulism into the old man's room one night, while her husband is examining for the hundredth time his employer's papers, claspings in her hand a sharp-pointed foreign dagger which has long been lost, the truth suddenly dawns on him. Miss Severne has drawn skilfully and tenderly his struggle to suppress the feelings of horror inspired by her unconscious crime, and to be towards her what he was before, when he thought her incapable of harming a fly. There is also something very true and pathetic in the contrast between what she has done and what she is, and the gentle, uncomplaining way in which she accepts the change in her husband's feelings—a change which, in spite of his efforts, she gradually becomes aware of. His conduct under the circumstances is also naturally described, and the reader as well as the unfortunate young man is conscious of relief when the strange situation comes to an end, and poor Milly falls out of the window in one of her sleep-walking fits and kills herself. The story is slight, and sleep-walking is an old trick, but there are evidences of care and ability, and Miss Severne may do better things yet.

Helen the Novelist, by J. W. Sherer, is one of those conventional works that are turned out by the thousand, we might almost say by the million, in which ulsters are described as "wrappers," and people hide letters in their bosoms, instead of putting them in their pockets. Ladies' pockets are certainly hard to find nowadays, but the process of buttoning and unbuttoning a dress, particularly if the arrangement of a mysterious addition called a waistcoat is also necessary, would surely take more time and attract more attention. The characters are apparently taken from melodrama, for nowhere else would a girl of nineteen describe her lover as "a noble young spirit," and declare her intention of carrying through her marriage (*de convenance*) with "an offhand mien." Nowhere, too, but in a melodrama would a lady with a son of twenty-three think of going out to India to begin a career as a singer, or (we sincerely hope) a facetious artist exhibit a picture of a man going to church to be married to his cook, entitled "The Dish ran away with the Spoon." This is not, however, the only comic element introduced by Mr. Sherer. When we are presumably depressed by a lengthy contemplation of the woes of the tragic Julia and her "noble young spirit," who walks about Regent Street wrapped in a dark cloak, cheerfulness is restored by the dialogues and proceedings of a page generally alluded to as "Master Slade," and a maid-of-all-work known as Hephzibah. These young people run like a silver thread through the story. A commonplace English barrister may have his eldest daughter marry a lord and elope with a baronet; his two sons may become dissipated and be forced to exile themselves from their native land; his youngest daughter, his "sole remaining joy," may accept a rich man whom she does not love, and run away with a poor one whom she does love on her wedding day (N.B.—The jilted swain has done exactly the same thing), but Master Slade and Hephzibah are always there, love-making in the coalhole or cutting jokes on the staircase. The heroine herself is an inoffensive person, who begins life as a governess, and ends by publishing a novel on half-profits; but, except that she wears "a tasty ribbon," she only acts as a foil to the rest. The whole book strikes the reader as the work of a novice, and of a novice with no turn for novel-writing.

Miss Hullah's story is free from the faults of *Helen the Novelist*, but it is flat and dull. The tale is listened to, but not lived in. The descriptions of Nassau country scenery are good; and the characters promise well to start with, but grow sadly

* *The Case of Doctor Plemen*. By René de Pont-Jest. London: Spencer Blackett. 1888.

The Pillar House. By Florence Severne. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

Helen the Novelist. By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1888.

In Hot haste. By Mary E. Hullah. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1888.

A More Excellent Way. By Constance Howell. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1888.

feeble in their journey through life, and flatness settles down upon them. Sabine von Vogelheim, the heroine, a high-spirited, clever, and beautiful German girl, would never have accepted as her husband Kurt von Weide, a man whom she had only seen three times, and of whom she knew absolutely nothing, merely to get away a few weeks sooner from the tyranny of the house where she was living as governess. She would have refused him in any case, but more especially when she was really more or less in love with her cousin Georg. A year later she discovers that Weide's urgency to make her his wife arose from the fact that, according to his grandfather's will, he was bound to marry before he was twenty-eight, or else forfeit most of his property, a portion of which passed to Georg von Vogelheim, whose grandfather had been injured by the Weides. Sabine at once declined to live with him any longer, as was quite natural; but, having done so, she was much too obstinate a person to have lightly given up her own way. Miss Hullah entirely falsifies her whole conception by the theatrical reconciliation of Kurt and his wife on the hill-side when both are seeking to save Georg, who is hiding from the consequences of forgery. The facts which led to their separation were as true as ever, and there is not the slightest reason why Sabine should own herself in the wrong and express admiration of her husband's uprightness. All this part bears marks of hurry, and it is to be regretted that Miss Hullah did not manage to think out her story better.

The first fifty pages of *A More Excellent Way* are not only interesting, but rather humorous. An earnest, well-intentioned lady of about thirty is much dissatisfied at finding herself out of sympathy with her husband, a collector in the North-West Provinces of India. He had married her because he wanted a wife, and she seemed a suitable one, and she, like many other girls, had taken him a great deal on trust. Mrs. Hathaway, however, found to her cost that, though her husband was excellent in every respect, she did not make much difference to him, nor did he expect her to share his views on any subject. In fact, the bent of their minds and ways of looking at things naturally differed; he accepted life as it was, she was always trying to probe it and to make it better. At last, tired of her usual employments, she routed out some old books of her husband's—Renan and authors holding similar opinions—which the worthy Mr. Hathaway had been scarcely conscious he possessed, and read them with eagerness. The result of her studies was that she became shortly convinced of the truth of their doctrine, and at the opening of the story has just announced the fact to her husband, feeling that here, after all, was a perpetual bond of union. To her despair, Mr. Hathaway laughed at her enthusiasm and deprecated her sincerity. It was all very well for a man not to go to church, but no one wished his wife to stay away or to raise the banner of Atheism in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Hathaway argued in vain. Her husband replied by reasoning which, though latent in many people's minds, is seldom clothed in words, and the lady, who logically had far the best of it, was forced to give in, and agreed that her child was to be brought up in the ordinary manner, and have the Bible taught him—though not by herself. At this point the interest of the story ceases. Miss Howell becomes wild in her assertions and biased in her arguments. Her freethinkers, chiefly represented by Mrs. Hathaway and her son, are gentle and charitable; Christians, as represented by some of their relations and the Champneys family, are self-seeking and hard. The question of Socialism is treated in the same unfair manner. The abominable action of one individual during the recent riots of the unemployed is magnified into the deliberate proceedings of a whole club, and the book, which began so well, descends into a mere one-sided tract. Of theological novels we have enough and to spare, but no one who was not already convinced would care to read beyond the first fifty pages of Miss Howell's story.

WATTS'S DICTIONARY OF CHEMISTRY.*

THIS well-known English *Dictionary of Chemistry* was originally published in parts, of which the first saw the light just a quarter of a century ago. It was completed in five volumes, and to these have since been added at intervals four large volumes of Supplement. The work has been of the greatest value to science, but the tide of discovery has flowed so rapidly that a new edition, and not merely another supplement, has become necessary. The lamented death of Mr. Watts, to whom chemistry was indebted, not only for the Dictionary, but also for an English translation of the gigantic "Hand-book" of Gmelin and many other literary labours, compelled the publishers to seek for new editors, able and willing not only to revise, but in great part to rewrite, the book. They have been singularly fortunate in their choice, and the editors have been equally fortunate in the colleagues they have been able to enlist. The task was a difficult one. It was necessary that the book should be limited to four volumes, in spite of the astonishing increase which the science has sustained of late years,

and yet that it should be sufficiently full and detailed to satisfy the wants, not only of advanced students, but also of accomplished chemists. The difficulty has been met by devices which merit our approval, although we cannot but regret their necessity. In the first place, the work has been limited to pure chemistry. Physics is very properly excluded, except in its immediate application to chemistry. Physical constants are, however, given in every important case and in great profusion, and we are promised a full article, by several hands, on Physical Methods. Technological chemistry is also excluded, and this would be a very serious drawback to the practical utility of the book but that Professor Thorpe has undertaken to deal with it in a supplementary volume. A third exclusion has reference to analytical details. There is a good general article on Analysis by Professor Dittmar, and leading tests and quantitative methods are shortly described in a number of instances; but the descriptions are confessedly imperfect, and the reader is constantly referred to special treatises on Analysis for full information. Doubtless the defect was unavoidable; but it certainly is a defect, for analysis is a very important part of chemistry. Finally, a great amount of valuable space has wisely been saved by the free use of contractions. So freely, indeed, have abbreviations been employed that four pages are occupied with their enumeration, and many of them must be mastered by the reader if he wishes to understand the text. But a dictionary is not a book for perusal, and this Dictionary is not intended for beginners; so that we welcome the somewhat uncouth style for the sake of the additional matter for which it makes room.

The present volume, of 750 pages, takes us down to the letter C, and contains many valuable and important articles. The chief contributors are, of course, the editors—Mr. Pattison Muir taking the general and inorganic and Dr. Morley the organic portions. Each editor contributes a separate introduction. That of Mr. Muir is short, but that of Dr. Morley is long and elaborate, as was fitting, in view of the greater complexity of his subject. The latter, which requires careful study, deals with the symbols used for physical constants, the nomenclature of ring formulae, the difficult subject of ambiguous and discarded names, and the like. It would save much trouble if the abbreviations and introductions could be printed at the beginning of every future volume, but that, perhaps, is too much to expect. We notice with satisfaction that cross-references are abundant, and that the names chiefly used are those adopted by the Council of the Chemical Society for use in their journal.

Of the longer articles in the volume we may consider first those of Mr. Pattison Muir. One of the most important is headed "Atomic and Molecular Weights," in which the pedigree of the modern ideas is traced from Democritus and Epicurus, while sufficient evidence is adduced in support of each stage of the development. The periodic law is only slightly touched, being reserved for a separate article, but it is made the basis of an excellent table of the elements, in which the experimental data from which the atomic weights have been fixed are indicated. What is commonly called the equivalent of the element—that is, the quantity which combines with 1 of hydrogen 8 of oxygen, or 35.5 of chlorine—is here and elsewhere called its combining weight. We are inclined to doubt the wisdom of this application of the phrase, and still more the sense in which the word "atomicity" is used. It was long used instead of the modern and more convenient term "valency"; but it is here defined as denoting "the number of atoms in any specified gaseous molecule, usually in the molecule of an element"—an altogether different meaning, and one which will be apt to lead to confusion. Of Mr. Muir's more practical articles, those on Aluminium and Bismuth may be cited as fair examples of the careful way in which the work has been done. The author's own researches have specially fitted him for the description of the last-named element.

Dr. Morley's articles are numerous, and some of them very elaborate. Among the longest is that upon azo-compounds, which is clearly although succinctly compiled. They are so numerous that a good idea of the rapid growth of modern chemistry and the enormous labour bestowed upon it is gained by a bare glance at them. The amido- and bromo-compounds also occupy large spaces in the volume. They are, however, broken into many short articles. It is open to question whether the strict alphabetical classification is in regard to such bodies the best. The chlorine and bromine derivatives are so closely allied that their occurrence in different volumes is somewhat inconvenient. But a perfect arrangement is impossible, and perhaps the corresponding advantages, which are obvious, may be held to overbalance the defects of the system here adopted.

Of the other contributors to the volume, all are competent and some illustrious. Mr. Watts had completed some valuable articles before his death, and these have been printed without important change. That on Acetic Acid is a good example of his care, skill, and exhaustive knowledge. We have already referred to Professor Dittmar's article on Analysis. It is, of course, imperfect and by no means supplies the place of a treatise, but it is valuable in its way, and the modern methods of gas analysis are well described. The editors were fortunate enough to secure Professor Lothar Meyer, of Tübingen, for "Allotropy," Professor Ostwald, of Leipzig, for "Affinity," Professor Halliburton for "Blood," Professor Japp for "Benzil" and allied bodies, Professor Meldola for "Azo-colouring Matters," Professor Ramsey for "Acids" and "Alloys," Professor

* *Watts's Dictionary of Chemistry*. Revised and entirely rewritten by H. Forster Morley, M.A., D.Sc., Fellow of and late Assistant Professor of Chemistry in University College, London, and M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A., Fellow and Prælector in Chemistry of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Assisted by eminent Contributors. 4 vols. Vol. I. London: Longmans. 1888.

Stevenson for "Detection and Estimation of Poisonous Alkaloids"—a capital essay, in which Dragendorff's method of separation is carefully epitomized—Professor Thorpe for "Atmosphere," Professor Ray Lankester for "Bacteria"—a well-written article, but somewhat too sketchy for great practical utility—and Messrs. C. F. Cross, A. G. Green, J. J. Hood, R. T. Plimpton, C. O'Sullivan, J. J. Thomson, R. Warrington, and C. J. Wilson for special subjects with which they were specially qualified to deal. With such a staff of writers and with so much care bestowed upon it, *Watts's Dictionary* will retain and extend its sphere of usefulness.

RECENT RECORD OFFICE PUBLICATIONS.*

THE present volume of the translation of John de Wavrin's *Chronicles* answers to the second printed volume of the French text, and comprises the period from the coronation of Henry IV. of England to the death of Charles VI. of France (1399–1422). To those who have difficulty in reading old French the translation will be welcome. We are not sure that we like the introduction of such a comparatively modern military term as "bivouac"; but this is a small matter. The style is easy and spirited, and there seems no reason why, thus interpreted, the best passages of Wavrin should not become as well known as those of Froissart and Comines. Though he is apt to be somewhat long-winded, Wavrin nevertheless possesses much of Froissart's art of apparently effortless story-telling—an art of which Sir Walter Scott was the last great practitioner in England, and which has been lost in recent times by straining after sensational effects. Into the question of Wavrin's originality, of his relation to the *Chronique de la Traison*, to Monstrelet, or to the continuator of Monstrelet, we need not now enter. For the present, we are content to take Wavrin as we find him. For part of the period of history comprised in this volume he was a contemporary, and not infrequently an eye-witness. At the age of fifteen he served on the French side at Azincourt, where his father and his half-brother fell; and in writing his account of the battle he had the advantage of being able to compare notes with another Burgundian historian, Saint-Rémy, or, to give him the name of his heraldic office, Toison d'or, who was also at Azincourt, but on the English side. The dignity of history, as then understood, did not permit Wavrin to tell us how he individually fared on that terrible day of what was probably his initiation into war, or how he escaped from the slaughter or captivity which were the lot of so many on the French side. But there are touches in his narrative which show personal observation or personal feeling; as when he tells us how, to his own knowledge, during the night which preceded the battle, hardly a single horse was heard to neigh throughout the host, and how the French held this to be of evil augury. Though he makes no set lamentations, there is a pathetic tone throughout. It "was a great pity"—it "was a pitiable thing," he naively, with slight variation of phrase, repeats again and again as he recounts the incidents of the war, some of them indeed painful enough; for war has seldom been more coldly ferocious than it was in the fifteenth century. He tells how, the day after the battle, the victorious King Henry paused upon the field—while his soldiers were occupied in putting the surviving French out of pain—and looked upon the dead, on whom the plunderers of the night had already done their work. "It was a pitiable thing," again breaks out Wavrin, "to see the great body of nobles who were there slain for wishing loyally to serve their sovereign lord the King of France." To understand this, we must remember that the Wavrins and other lords of Picardy were in some sort voluntary victims. Their immediate lord the Duke of Burgundy had forbidden them to obey the summons of the King of France; and they might thus without loss of credit have stayed at home. But loyalty to the monarchy prevailed, and they went to their deaths. Wavrin gives four pages (as here printed) to enumerating by name the noble dead; then, with a sigh of exhaustion as it were, he abandons the task:—

If I were to write down by name and surname all the barons, knights, esquires, and noble men that fell on this day, I should put down too many, but to come to an end, I have named only the most renowned and well-known; for so many noblemen and gentle esquires were killed that it was pitiable, as I the author of this work saw with my eyes.

It may, perhaps, be in some measure due to the early impression left by that day of horror that Wavrin, though a soldier for some twenty years of his life, does not, as a writer, take war in the light-hearted spirit of John le Bel or Froissart. "The pity of it"

seems to have been more present to him than it was to the chivalrous chroniclers of the fourteenth century. There is some trace, too, in him of the growth of the scientific military spirit which in time would scorn the mere follies of chivalry. After telling of a gallant course with lances which was run under the walls of besieged Rouen, and of the laud and honour which it brought to the victorious knight, he adds, with much common sense, "But, to tell the truth, such passages of arms could profit neither the besiegers nor the besieged, except for the renown of their valiant nobility." Yet he could heartily appreciate a good knight when he made himself of any use—witness his account of the prowess of the Burgundian hero, John Villain, in the battle near Abbeville in 1421. At that time the Burgundians were fighting against the French—the Dauphinists, as Wavrin is careful to call them—and were in alliance with the King of England. Henry V. receives due, though perhaps rather reluctant, admiration from Wavrin for his great political and military qualities; but he is not set in an amiable light, and it is evident that our chronicler shared the general Continental feeling against the House of Lancaster as usurpers. In the last words of the book with which this volume ends, even while he commemorates "the grand conquests of the noble King Henry of England," he reminds the reader that King Henry the father was "the usurper of the crown of the glorious King Richard, and the author of his sad death . . . Which death was avenged in the way you shall afterwards hear in the sixth and last volume, according to the authority which says: *de male acquisitis non gaudebit tertius heres*."

The second volume of the *Flores* of Roger of Wendover, edited by Mr. Hewlett, extends over the period from 1204 to 1230, including, therefore, the struggle between King John and the Barons. As Roger of Wendover's work is well known in the late Mr. Cox's edition, there is no need to dwell upon it beyond observing that all historical students will be glad that the Record Office has given them an improved and revised text of a chronicle of such importance.

NATIVE FLOWERS OF NEW ZEALAND.*

THIS is the opening part of a large subscription work, to which it is possible that we may refer again when it is completed. Mrs. Charles Hetley is evidently a worthy follower of Miss North, and her pictures of flowers are vivid enough and, so far as we are able to judge, accurate enough to be the productions of that famous botanical pencil. The native flora of New Zealand is fast disappearing; the practice of burning the bush tends to eradicate native species, and English flowers, like English colonists, are driving the aborigines out of existence. Such books as Mr. Buchanan's *New Zealand Grasses*, and the present more casual and aimless selection, will one of these days be found to be the only form in which the memory of many extinct species is preserved.

The specimens given in Mrs. Charles Hetley's first instalment are not particularly startling in colour or form. The most remarkable example is certainly that of the Mountain Rata (*Metrosideros lucida*), the huge tree which clothes the banks of the fjords in the province of Otago, and at a height of from thirty to fifty feet is covered with a fleece of brilliantly scarlet silky blossoms through January and February. It flowers so abundantly that the whole forest is incarnadined with it for miles together. The Nikau Palm, of the North Island, with its cluster of pendulous blossom looking like a "hand" of lilac bananas, must be very striking in its native woods. The great snow-white buttercup of the Canterbury Alps (*Ranunculus Lyallii*), called in New Zealand the Mountain Lily, is, according to Mrs. Charles Hetley, the largest ranunculus in the world. It is wonderful how interesting a thing or a fact becomes if we ourselves have had the pleasure of discovering it; and we ceased to wonder why our artist had admitted among her picked selection of flowers the very plain herb called *Loranthus Adamsii* when we discovered that it is a new species, and has never been figured before. We wish Mrs. Charles Hetley all success, and we hope that, when she has done with the flowers, she will turn her attention to the singularly beautiful ferns of New Zealand.

RAM MOHUN ROY.†

WHEN the subject of these memoirs first appeared in the streets of London, nearly sixty years ago, he was at once greeted with shouts of "Tippoo!" It may be confidently asserted that, besides the Arabs of the street, a good many of the English gentlemen and ladies who welcomed the first Hindu that ever crossed the Dark Water could not have answered offhand questions about the battle of Buxar and the massacre of Patna, and that they were not quite certain to which of the two rival creeds of India Ram Mohun Roy belonged. But his life and character were so remarkable and the notice in these two volumes is so meagre and imperfect that we must supply the deficiency from other authentic sources. Ram Mohun Rai, or Roy, as the title is

* *A Collection of the Chronicles and Ancient Histories of Great Britain, now called England*. By John de Wavrin, Lord of Forestel. Translated by the late Sir William Hardy, Knight, F.S.A., and Edward L. C. P. Hardy, F.S.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. From A.D. 1399 to A.D. 1422. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

Rogeri de Wendover Liber qui dicitur Flores Historiarum ab Anno Domini MCLIV. Antiquae Henrici Anglorum Regis Secundi Primo. The Flowers of History. By Roger de Wendover. From the Year of Our Lord 1154, and the First Year of Henry the Second, King of the English. Edited from the original Manuscripts by Henry G. Hewlett, Keeper of the Records of the Land Revenue. Vol. II. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

* *The Native Flowers of New Zealand*. Illustrated in Colours. By Mrs. Charles Hetley. Part I. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *The English Works of Raja Ram Mohun Roy*. Edited by Jogendra Chundra Ghose, M.A., B.L. Compiled and published by Ishan Chundra Bose. 2 vols. Calcutta: Bhowanipore Oriental Press. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

commonly spelt, was a Bengali Brahman. His remote ancestors had never taken any part in public affairs, though his grandfather held some appointment at Murshedabad under Suraj-Ud-Doula. His father, Ram Kant Rai, being ill treated by the Nawab, left the capital, and took up his abode in the neighbouring district of Burdwan, where he had an ancestral estate. Here Ram Mohun was born, at the village of Radhanagar, in the year 1774. It is quite clear that his more intellectual abilities must have been very considerable. He studied the English, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian languages with remarkable success. He was one of the first of his countrymen to show what could be done with the neglected Bengali language. He travelled in different parts of India and resided for two or three years in Thibet. On the death of his father, about the beginning of this century, he entered the public service in one of those Ministerial appointments which at that period were the only outlets for indigenous talent. He first was a clerk in the office of the Collector of Rungpore and then became its Dewan. In the present day the title has been changed to that of *Sar-rishtadar*. The Dewan of the Collectorate was its head permanent official. However often the Collector might be changed, the Dewan would not be removable except for corruption, or incompetency, or old age. The district of Rungpore has only of late years been brought within the pale of civilization by the steamship and the rail. For a long time it was considered an unpopular and inaccessible place. Luckily the Collector, Mr. John Digby, took a fancy to the learned and intelligent Hindu, who could expound the Vedas and the Vedantas, and who wrote and read crabbéd Persian manuscripts as well as a Moulavi. So at the age of forty, when Mr. Digby went to England on furlough, Ram Mohun came down to Calcutta to live on a competence. Sir Monier Williams, who has given an excellent summary of Hindu Theism in his *Religious Thought and Life in India*, remarks that some have spitefully accused Ram Mohun of augmenting his own legitimate earnings by underhand transactions. And in an article contributed by a native gentleman to the *Calcutta Review* in the year 1845 there is a good deal of insinuation of this sort, with an ingenious balancing of remote probabilities as to whether Ram Mohun was proof against temptation, or whether, "like Bacon, he bought and sold justice." There is really no need to resort to any surmises of this kind. The Dewan of a Collectorate held no judicial office and could not promote or defeat the ends of justice. But a clever Dewan, on the very best of terms with the English Collector, might have many means of adding to his official emoluments without incurring the reproach of corruption. That such an official should receive *Salami* or presents from native landholders on festal days would be not extraordinary and hardly irregular. His official position would give him facilities for ascertaining the value of estates, and when these were put up to auction for default of payment of the public revenue he would know exactly what lands to bid for and at what price. Such purchases are generally made in the name of a third person, are very common all over Bengal, and have repeatedly been upheld by the judicial tribunals. In fact at that period of our rule fortunes were made by native officials in many more unorthodox ways than those in all human probability adopted by the Hindu philosopher. It is quite conceivable, we say, that he might receive presents and *honoraria*, buy in estates at auction, and yet conduct his duties as Dewan with good faith and with loyalty to his employers. After acquiring a good knowledge of our revenue system, he devoted the rest of his life to literature and to reform. He wrote letters; he published pamphlets; he received the title of Raja from the Emperor of Delhi, who had no right to give it; he visited England, was examined as a witness before the Committee which sat on the renewal of the Charter of 1833, and became the friend and correspondent of Englishmen of position and standing. He was about to try the mild climate of Devonshire for the winter of 1833 when he was attacked by fever, and died on the 27th of September of that year.

His English writings, which are mainly controversial, have, after more than half a century, been collected and republished in two volumes by two Bengali gentlemen. Perhaps it is more correct to say that one has collected and the other has edited this work. It makes up in all more than one thousand pages of print. It is not likely that the volumes will find many readers in this country. The duty of editing and printing has been fairly discharged, though the number of trivial misprints is annoying. We find some points which are illustrated by notes only calculated to mislead and perplex, and others which at this distance of time require more elucidation. Several of the papers relate to matters which have dropped out of sight, to legal and executive reforms which have long since been carried out, and to abuses which have yielded to influence and the "tendency which makes for righteousness." But we find no fault with the editors for not making a selection. Ram Mohun Roy was not only the first reformer of his age, but he was a model to his countrymen in his mode of dealing with opponents and in his thorough mastery of whatever he took in hand. Born a few generations earlier, he might have become the preacher of a new form of Hinduism, like a Nanak or a Kubir. Coming as he did under the British rule, which allowed free speech and toleration, he had recourse, as was natural, to the platform and the press. There was nothing turgid or bombastic in his style—nothing which could suggest that "slight flavour of contempt" which Colonel Yule, in his Glossary, tells us is associated with the title of Baboo. It was Ram Mohun's lot to figure conspicuously in two different characters, first as a vigorous opponent of Hindu superstition and next as a subtle

disputant with Christian ministers. Fortified with Sanskrit, he published treatises against idolatry, the worship of innumerable gods and goddesses, the exaltation of caste over the plain dictates of morality, the shameful indulgences of Hindu Fakirs, the cruelties of Kali, the indecencies of Krishna, and the practice of Suttee. The editor betrays a complete ignorance of the controversy, which lasted for fifteen years before this rite was abolished by Lord William Bentinck, when he avers that the abolition was mainly due to the exertions of Ram Mohun Roy. Some of the ablest Englishmen in India, in the Civil Service and out of it, denounced the rite and the weak course adopted by Government, with consummate earnestness, logic, and eloquence, between 1814 and 1829. Ram Mohun was found on the right side, but he was only one of a band of true reformers, English and native. It was hardly to be expected that a Hindu who had the courage to reprove his countrymen for debasing the doctrines of the Vedas and the Vedantas would become popular. But he managed, Sir Monier Williams tells us, to attract "a number of adherents from Hindus and Jains of rank, wealth, and influence." And he established a society for spiritual improvement called the Atmiya Sabha, which was the forerunner of the Brahma Samaj. About the year 1820 he became involved in a long dispute with the missionaries. It seems that he published a selection from the four Gospels, entitled *The Precepts of Jesus*, in English, Sanskrit, and Bengali, from which he had excluded everything of a miraculous and supernatural character. This, of course, led to a reply in the *Friend of India*, at that time and for many years a most influential journal, from one who signed himself "A Christian Missionary." This gentleman applied the term heathen to his antagonist, and generally abused Hinduism. Hence the letting out of the waters of strife, and the dispute was prolonged by Ram Mohun in papers styled "Appeals to the Christian Public," and by the missionaries in the *Friend of India* and a vernacular journal called the *Sanachar Darpan* or *Mirror of Conduct*. We are bound to say that the Hindu fought his battle with earnestness, dialectical skill, and good taste. And the discussion is valuable, as showing the difficulties which the scheme of Christianity may present to those whom Archdeacon Farrar describes as seekers after God. To the missionary of the present day, arguing with an acute Mulla, answering an obstructive Pundit, or persuading a young Hindu who has thrown off his old religion without taking up any other creed, these five hundred pages ought to prove a perfect treasure. The many excellent missionaries of various denominations, employed all over the East in the work of education, civilization, and conversion, are often met by questions, on the part of Mohammedans and Hindus, as to the nature of the Trinity, the incarnation of our Lord, and the Atonement. And they may be thankful to have such doubts presented to them in the form into which they were thrown by a mind of singular activity and candour. We have no room for even a summary of the arguments. But the last sentence of these essays gives a fair notion of the author's temper and style:—

I now conclude my essay by offering up thanks to the Supreme Disposer of the events of this universe for having unexpectedly delivered this country from the long-continued tyranny of its former rulers, and placed it under the Government of the English; a nation who are not only blessed with the enjoyment of civil and political liberty, but also interest themselves in promoting liberty and social happiness, as well as free inquiry into literary and religious subjects amongst those nations to which their influence extends.

To the English resident in India, official or unofficial, the papers on the judicial and revenue systems will be more interesting than legal disquisitions, very good of their kind, about the ancient rights of females and the division of ancestral property among the sons of Hindu families. It is noteworthy that Ram Mohun Roy was averse to the custom favoured by many strict and orthodox Hindus, whereby a father was held not competent to dispose of his ancestral property without the sanction of his sons and grandsons, whatever he might do with property acquired by his own exertions and talents. But Ram Mohun, without wishing to disturb the foundations of society, was against all impediments to the free transfer of property. He also touches on the question whether wills and testaments were known to the old Hindu lawyers, or whether they came in with the Cornwallis system and our judicial tribunals. It seems tolerably clear that, if the actual form of any testamentary disposition was unknown previous to the British rule, Hindu fathers had been in the habit of determining the devolution of property by what they termed deeds of gift or partition.

From these disputed and abstruse points we turn to improvements in the revenue and judicial system. Here we can easily imagine some ardent legislator of our days laying a formidable indictment against the Government of India. But nearly every suggestion, either politic or practicable, has been carried out by the patient legislation of the past sixty years. The author complained justly of the endless appeals, the imperfect knowledge of law on the part of the English judges, the union of incompatible offices in the same individual, the enormous size of many districts, the inadequate number of tribunals, the insufficient salaries of natives, the prevalence of forgery, the law's delay, the absence of registration of title, and diverse other matters. With almost every one of these imperfections the true, patient reformer has effectively dealt. Districts have been divided and subdivided. English judges are now familiar with the vernacular of their provinces, and have at their command admirable Codes of Procedure

and of Substantive Law. Registration of titles is becoming common in many districts. Natives sit in the High Courts of the Presidencies on the same bench with civilian and barrister judges. And many of the subordinate judicial tribunals are presided over by a new race of native judges, conversant with English, skilled in law and practice, and of unimpeachable integrity. Reforms in revenue matters, in the Province of Bengal especially, take longer time and are more unequal in their operation than judicial improvements. In other parts of India the contentment, if not the prosperity, of the cultivating classes is assured for a generation or so by the detailed methods of Survey and Settlement. In Bengal and Behar, as Ram Mohun Roy pointed out in the year 1831, the rights and interests of the tenant-proprietors and of other cultivators had been guarded in theory by the laws of 1793, but had never been protected in practice. This pledge had to be redeemed, after much angry discussion and recrimination, by the Government of Lord Canning in 1859, and recently by that of Lord Ripon and his successor. It is gratifying to find one who had seen revenue collected and rent suits tried under the Cornwallis Code, standing up for the proprietary rights of Hindus, Kaivartas, Kopalas, Pods, and Teors, as well as Mohammedan agriculturists. This particular paper also brings to light a fact very often conveniently slurred over or forgotten. The landholder in the time of Lord Cornwallis was thought amply remunerated if his net rent was one-tenth of that paid by the cultivator. In other words, the theory was that the Ryot took half the profits of the soil, and of the other half, nine-tenths were to go to the Government and only one-tenth to the landlord. These proportions, it is only necessary to state, have been materially altered by extended cultivation, enhanced rents, and general competition, in favour of the Zemindar. The editor, by the way, displays a remarkable ignorance of our Revenue Code when he says that "the Regulation about the resumption of land held free of taxation is still in force." He ought to know that the said law has been inoperative for the last five-and-forty years at least, when the inquiry into valid and invalid grants was brought to a close.

That a man of good sense and judgment should be so far thrown off his balance as to hail with acclamation and wonder the grant of a constitution to such a country as Spain is excusable. On most other subjects Ram Mohun's opinions were sound. His doubts were honest and his criticisms usually fair. He sums up dispassionately the arguments for and against the free admission of Englishmen as Residents in the interior; and it is curious that we should find in one of his essays an argument bearing directly on the Irish question of our own time. Writing to the Rev. Henry Ware, a Unitarian Professor at Harvard, U.S., he prays for the Perpetual Union of all the States under one general Government, and adds, "Would not the glory of England soon be dimmed were Scotland and Ireland separated from her?" The important rich and populous province of which Ram Mohun was a native has since his day produced, amongst sundry clamorous orators, a few genuine reformers and many excellent public servants. It is to be hoped that Bose and Ghose, instead of repeating stale arguments on English platforms, may henceforth endeavour to wean their countrymen in India from malpractices scarcely less disgraceful than widow-burning and the worship of grotesque and misshapen logs of wood.

A HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.

IT is a pleasant duty to acknowledge the appearance of a really scholarly piece of work, and there cannot be two opinions as to the character of Mr. Lea's volumes. He has chosen a subject of extreme interest and importance, and has treated it in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired with respect to erudition, while he has at the same time produced a thoroughly readable book, well arranged, full of incident, and vigorously written. The references given in his footnotes display an acquaintance with a vast mass of historical authorities, and argue extraordinary diligence in research. Indeed it is not too much to say that he has made a most notable contribution to our knowledge of the history of the Middle Ages, and that his work will be valued in proportion to the knowledge that his readers already have of the period on which he writes. The mediæval Inquisition, the subject of his present volumes, was not, he points out, an arbitrarily devised institution, fully organized, and imposed on society at some one date; it was organized gradually, and was the natural result of the "mutual reaction of certain social forces." Among these forces he gives the first place to the corruptions prevalent in the Church at the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries. He fears that the picture he has drawn of the condition of the Church at this period is "perhaps too unrelieved in its blackness." While its details are strictly accurate, the general effect is, we think, somewhat exaggerated; for considerable allowance should be made for the fact that our knowledge of ecclesiastical abuses is largely derived from the indignant protests of churchmen and the decrees of Councils. Most of our authorities for the corruptions of the Church are therefore witnesses to the earnest and repeated efforts that were made by many of its officers to resist what was evil and enforce a higher standard of life and practice. Nor should the condition of the clergy at any period be estimated

apart from the general condition of contemporary society. The historian who undertakes to describe the relations between the Church and the people is bound to consider, not so much whether the Church was, at the time of which he writes, acting up to the precepts of its Founder, as whether, in spite of abuses, it was inculcating a higher morality than that which prevailed among the laity. A feeling that the clergy were not fulfilling their duty no doubt entered largely into the heresies of the Middle Ages. At the same time, these heresies should not be regarded merely as the outcome of ecclesiastical abuses; they were in many cases at least revolts against social order, and owed their extension to the "deep and hopeless misery which oppressed the mass of the people." They were dangerous to political as well as to ecclesiastical authority; and though anti-sacerdotalism held a prominent place in these movements, their causes lay deeper than discontent "at the character of the men who represented the Church before the people, and the use they made of their power." Mr. Lea notes this, but at the same time scarcely puts it sufficiently forward. He gives a masterly account of the rise and character of the heretics who, like the Waldenses, held fast all the essential doctrines of Christianity, and the Cathari who were infected with Manichæism. In speaking both of the Waldenses and the Cathari, he expresses an utter disbelief in the stories of the sexual immorality popularly imputed to the heretics, and points out that there is scarcely an allusion to such matters in any of the proceedings against them. After exhibiting the causes that for a time rendered the Church powerless against the Cathari in Southern France, and the disastrous effects that would have followed the triumph of Catharism, he relates the history of the Albigensian Crusades, marking the racial and political as well as the religious aspects of the war, and bringing out with considerable force the turning-points in the struggle and the characters of the principal actors on either side. Just at the time that the Church was called on to combat with this dangerous attack on its supremacy, it was strengthened by the establishment of the Mendicant Orders, which at once increased its hold upon the people and supplied the Holy See with a "militia sustained at the expense of the faithful and devoted to its exclusive service." In the Mendicant Orders the Church found the most effectual means of suppressing heresy. Not that before the foundation of these Orders it had no machinery which could be used for this purpose; for, owing to its adoption of the processes of the imperial jurisprudence, a more complete system of inquest prevailed in the episcopal Courts than in the Courts of feudal or customary law. But the bishops were slothful or occupied with secular concerns; and, even had it been otherwise, the episcopal Inquisition was a cumbrous weapon and ill suited to the conflict into which the Church was entering. It was not so with the Inquisition which the new Orders were called upon to conduct. Mr. Lea exposes the error of the Roman tradition which makes Dominic the founder of the Inquisition and the first Inquisitor-General; he shows that the legislation of Frederic II. caused the persecution of heretics to become part of the public law of Western Christendom, that Gregory IX. sought to enforce this legislation by transferring the episcopal jurisdiction over heresy to the Mendicant Orders, and that the new machinery was not "definitely projected and founded, but was moulded step by step out of the materials which lay nearest to hand, fitted for the object to be attained."

The latter part of Mr. Lea's first volume is devoted to an elaborate description of the working of the Inquisition, its method of procedure, and the penalties inflicted on the condemned. Theoretically, the single aim of the Inquisitor was to check heresy by the conversion of the heretic and the correction of the soul of the penitent; he had no power to pass sentence by himself, and could not impose any heavier penance than imprisonment, which, according to the doctrine of his Court, was not a punishment, but an opportunity for gaining Divine pardon. Yet the apparently benign character of his jurisdiction was a ghastly fiction. In the endeavour to convince the alleged heretic of his sin the Inquisitor, who was at once prosecutor and judge, did not scruple to employ any means, however vile and inhuman, that might establish his case. The assembly of experts, who met to consult on the sentence, was a mere form, and became the origin of the famous *auto de fé*; the inquisitorial penances were really cruel and degrading punishments, and the secular power was ready to inflict death by burning on the obstinate or relapsed heretic, from whom as a non-Catholic the protection of the Church was withdrawn. At the same time Mr. Lea believes, and brings forward good reason for his belief, that the number of those who were burnt for heresy was considerably less than is ordinarily supposed.

Having thus fully described the origin, organization, and working of the mediæval Inquisition, Mr. Lea proceeds in his second volume to trace its history in the several States of Latin Christendom. It did not make good its footing in Languedoc, its earliest home, without a fierce struggle. There, and indeed elsewhere, it had its martyrs. The Dominicans were expelled from Narbonne and Toulouse; but no defeat quenched their fanatical zeal. At last the people were driven to desperation; and in 1242 a party of armed men set on the Inquisitor Guillem Arnaud and his company and slew them at Avignonet. The massacre was a blunder, and led to the triumph of the Inquisition. Yet in helping to bring Languedoc under the power of the French king the Inquisition was, it is well remarked, exalting an authority which soon became strong enough to reduce it to insignificance; and the notices given here of the checks that it received in Languedoc from Philip the Hardy and Philip the Fair are important as manifestations of the royal

* *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages.* By Henry Charles Lea. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

supremacy in ecclesiastical matters. In France the Holy Office became an affair of State. In England it had no place, save during the process against the Templars. In Aragon, where there was little heresy, it was generally inactive, and was kept in check by the Cortes; Castile was free from its presence. Venice made it completely dependent on the Signoria. Its success was assured in the cities of Northern and Central Italy by the murder of Peter Martyr; but, though the victory of Charles of Anjou was followed by its establishment in Naples, it had little power either there or in Sicily. Mr. Lea has thoroughly worked out the Church's struggle with the heretics of the Slavic lands to the east of the Adriatic, the home of Catharism; and we commend his comments on the religious aspect of the Turkish invasion of the Balkan peninsula to the notice of Professor Freeman and his followers. Catholic, Catharan, and Greek were, he remarks, busily engaged in internecine quarrels, and were all equally ready to help the invader, if by so doing they could gain some petty advantage for themselves; indeed "it may be questioned whether the rule of Islam was not, after all, an improvement on the state of virtual anarchy which it replaced. To the peasantry it offered itself rather as a deliverance." In Germany the cruelties of Conrad of Marburg, the tormentor of St. Elizabeth, and one of the martyrs for the cause of the Inquisition, produced a long reaction. The Inquisition was not established on German soil until the time when it had lost its power in the lands where it had been strongest. Indeed it never struck much root there, though an interesting record is given of the persecution of the Beghards. The volume ends with a chapter on the martyrdom of Huss, and the struggle with his followers in Bohemia. Mr. Lea points out the futility of the arguments advanced to prove that there was no violation of the safe-conduct given to Huss by the Emperor; he shows that the proceedings against Huss were inquisitorial, and that, owing to the technical necessity of confession in abjuration, he was "condemned for heresies he had never held rather than for those he had taught." The third volume is devoted to the doings of the Inquisition in special fields of action, and opens with an account of the rapid degeneracy of the Franciscans, the strife between the Conventuals and the Spirituals, the doctrine of the "Everlasting Gospel," and the persecution of the Joachitic sectaries. The Joachitic teaching as to the reign of the Holy Ghost leads to a description of certain strange outbreaks of heresy in Northern Italy, the worship of Guglielmo, the reverence paid to the idiotic Segarelli, and the pretensions of Dolcino, whose extraordinary resistance to three crusading armies caused Dante to represent him as worthy of the regard of Mahomet. The subject of the disputes in the Franciscan Order is completed by the history of the bitter struggle between the Papacy and the Fraticelli on the question of poverty. Accusations of heresy were largely used in quarrels, in some cases as weapons to crush the opponents of the Church or the Roman See, in others for the benefit of temporal sovereigns. After illustrating by various examples the important part played by the Inquisition when working as a political agency on behalf of the Church, Mr. Lea passes to the use that was occasionally made of it by secular potentates, and enters fully into the suppression of the Order of the Templars, and the cases of Jean Petit and Joan of Arc. In his sketch of the Maid's career he maintains that there is no ground for the assertion that she considered that her mission ended with the coronation of Charles, and that the story is probably "part of her legend," invented to uphold the theory of Divine inspiration. Her trial was inquisitorial; it was urged on by the University of Paris, which had supplanted the Inquisition in the investigation of heresy in France, and after some difficulty a deputy of the Inquisition was prevailed on to give validity to the proceedings by presiding over the Court in conjunction with the Bishop of Beauvais. We cannot do more than notice Mr. Lea's interesting chapters on the sorcery and occult-arts of the early Middle Ages, and the new witchcraft, distinguished by the worship of Satan in the Sabbat, which arose in the fifteenth century. Many instances are given of the action of the Inquisition in these fields; it was not altogether successful, for persecution certainly stimulated superstition and extended the beliefs that it aimed to eradicate. The points we have touched on barely suffice to indicate the scope and character of Mr. Lea's work. We shall be content if we succeed in recommending it to our readers as a most learned and attractive book on a subject that deeply concerns the social, intellectual, and ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages.

IRISH LACE-MAKING.*

IT is very unfortunate for the lace-making industry that good lace is never allowed to wear out, being hoarded and repaired over and over again during many generations; in fact, in the large towns it is most useful in supporting quite an army of lace-menders, much to the detriment of original producers. Moreover, in this century the demand for it is much reduced in consequence of the hideous and unpicturesque garments of the male sex, whose present fashion of attire has lasted so long that we doubt its ever changing now. All this, we are afraid, will prevent the making of valuable lace from becoming again the flourishing trade it has

been in the good old times of lace ruffles; although, curiously enough, the present Irish industry is of a much later growth than those days, having been introduced by philanthropists in the beginning of the century.

A Renaissance of the Irish Art of Lace-Making does not profess to give a history of Irish lace, but in the preliminary chapter simply calls itself a nineteenth-century pattern-book, which designation it carries out satisfactorily, though we might have been spared the rather high-flown tirade against fashion. If anything can help the revival of the industry this little brochure is likely to do so. It contains some exquisite illustrations by photographic reproduction of many new and effective designs; but it is a pity that in a few of them the desire to give artistic effect and the softness characteristic of lace has resulted in too blurred a representation—indeed, in some of the illustrations the groundwork of the pattern is entirely left to the imagination. Ireland has great advantages in any industry of this kind, owing to the conventual system and the quiet and leisure the nuns are able to command, which must, we think, heavily handicap lace-making in other parts of the United Kingdom. In the letterpress accompanying these patterns it is shown that the largest number are worked under the nuns' supervision, a few of them even from their own drawings; but the majority of the designs come from the local schools of art. According to the report at the end of the book, the general want which is felt here, as elsewhere, is that of a regular supply of these well-drawn and well-composed patterns, which it is proposed to organize from the schools of art throughout the country; and, from what we see in these illustrations, we have no doubt that such a system would be successful in attracting intelligent purchasers, and in the end make the lace industry lucrative as well as beautiful.

THE BOOK OF THE GRAYLING.*

OF which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge," is the happy quotation from Isaac Walton which the author of *The Book of the Grayling* stamps in golden type upon the cover of his work. It is needless to assert that the Saturday Reviewer is never "sour-complexioned" or "severe" with a book which deserves commendation; that the "emitings" which, under a sense of duty to his readers, he must sometimes administer are almost invariably "friendly"; and that it is only when a book is mischievous or worthless, or when for some other sufficient cause it never should have appeared at all, that he lays aside his usual forbearance, and, chiefly for the author's good, treats the volume according to its demerits; and if Mr. Pritt had been compelled to read the foolish and pretentious books on fish and fishing that have at one time or other lain upon our table, the lucubrations of authors (!) who, in some instances, have had no more brains or practical experience for their self-imposed task than had the paste and scissors which formed almost their only qualification, and in others have devoted practical knowledge and abilities worthy of better things to the vulgar work of puffing some tackle-maker's wares, he would not have suggested that his critic would be "sour-complexioned," but have known that a book written by a practical angler, in pure love of the sport, would be sure to meet with generous consideration; and it is with pleasure that we recognize in Mr. Pritt a skilful brother of the craft, already known to us by his previous contributions to piscatorial literature, and see in his *Book of the Grayling* a volume which, if it does not contain very much that is new, is charmingly written, and well deserves its place upon our shelves.

Mr. Pritt, whose experience has been chiefly gained in certain well-known Yorkshire streams, expresses a natural surprise that so excellent a fish as the grayling should not have attained a higher place in the estimation of anglers; thus he writes:—

Books in praise of the sporting qualities of trout, and the delightful art of catching them, have been written by the score, and here and there an odd chapter has been added, in which the grayling is compared with the trout to the great disadvantage of the former, much as one institutes a comparison between a militiaman and a soldier of the line. The trout is the angler's fish of spring and of early summer, when every soft breeze is laden with a perfumed invitation to see nature at her best; the grayling is a fish of the year's old age; of that time when the morning silver of early winter mingles with the russet and amber of the woods, that want but the midday light of the enchanter to blossom into gold.

But "the morning silver of early winter," euphemistic for a keen November day, does not suit everybody. We very well know that the grayling in the summer months, when our visits to the waterside are most enjoyable, has not the sporting qualities of the trout, and, to descend to lower influences, is not when captured nearly so good to eat. We have learnt—and our experience is not of yesterday—how wonderfully he improves as the year passes on, until in the last days of December he attains his finest condition, and both for rod and table is little if at all inferior to the trout; but it is not every fisherman who can be indifferent to cold winds and colder feet; who can find, as he steps knee-deep into the wintry stream, that frost brings no greater inconvenience than the ice which fastens upon his line. He may, as advised, have clothed himself for the occasion, "going not forth arrayed in garments such as he wore in the May-fly season"; but, unless exceptionally

* *A Renaissance of the Irish Art of Lace-Making*. Illustrated by Photographic Reproductions of Irish Laces made from New and Specially Designed Patterns. With Introductory Notes and Descriptions by A.S.C. London: Chapman & Hall. 1888.

* *The Book of the Grayling*. By T. E. Pritt. Leeds: Goodall & Suddick. 1888.

fortunate, he will have cause perhaps to remember that winter fishing, especially as we grow older, may involve something more serious than discomfort. We are not all so happily constituted as is—or was, for it is unlikely he should still survive—the friend of whom Mr. Pritt writes, that “he declared he could enjoy his winter fishing with nothing on him but a porous plaister,” adding that “the longer he sat on the frosty ground the more he became attached to it”; “but whether”—continues Mr. Pritt—“he alluded to the sport, the plaister, or the ground, I am willing to confess I could not well make out.”

It is but little that we could add to Mr. Pritt's almost exhaustive dissertation on the names borne by the English grayling, and on its prevalence in special waters; but we cannot so readily accept his views as to its origin. Allied to the trout and, as Mr. Day tells us, occasionally interbreeding, the existence of the grayling in many English streams is clearly a question of survival rather than of special introduction. The theory that the fish were introduced from abroad into certain rivers by the Roman soldiers or “the monks of old” with a view to furnishing an alternative to salmon and trout, or to supplying their place when these were out of season, is too improbable. With the limited means at their disposal the transmission from continental waters of ova, of full-grown fish, or of grayling fry, especially sensitive to temperature, was most improbable; nor does the fact that important monastic remains exist on certain grayling rivers give any great support to the contention. There are monastic foundations in Kent, in Devonshire, and Dorsetshire on rivers where grayling are unknown. It is only within the last century that the fish has been introduced into Scotland; and with all deference we would express our opinion that the occurrence of the grayling in the neighbouring river was an advantage of which account was taken in deciding upon the site for the intended monastery, the opposite view rather recalling the sentiment of the pious archaeologist who thanked Providence for having directed the course of the chief navigable rivers by the principal towns.

The most interesting part of Mr. Pritt's book upon the grayling, and that which will most approve itself to practical fishermen, is the chapter headed “When, Where, and How to Catch Him”; and, if high proficiency in the craft could be obtained by reading, the careful study of this, and of the first volume of the Badminton book on Fishing, would go far to ensure success. Even a master in the craft might gain some “wrinkles” from such teaching, and we would especially recommend the dissertation on pp. 35-7 on the manner in which the grayling takes the fly, and on playing and landing him:—

There is a marked difference between the way in which grayling and trout take a fly. The latter is usually in water which only requires his ascent a few inches, or at the most a couple of feet; he makes a dash at the fly, and is apparently equally well satisfied whether he gets it or misses it, as only in very rare cases will he trouble himself about it a second time, unless it is so palpably a living thing that to refuse it would be madness. A grayling, on the other hand, is in deeper water; he is provided with a large air-bladder, a huge dorsal fin, and a powerful tail, which together enable him to rise with lightning speed from comparatively deep water at any insect he sees on the surface of the river. . . . If he gets his fly, and the angler fails to strike him on the instant, he will spit it out in half the time a trout could do it.

Mr. Pritt—and with good reason—advises care in striking and in the use of the landing net, adding that, for one trout lost after hooking, at least six grayling escape, and among fishermen accustomed only to deal with trout the proportion is much greater. He here states a fact in support of which we might quote from our own recollection. We once in the late autumn had the pleasure of following a friend whom we had introduced to a mile of lovely grayling water. He was as well equipped as we were, his casts were from our own fly-book; but he did not know the grayling, and, when the short day closed in and the fish were no longer on the rise, we well remember how a comparison of our respective baskets filled him with anguish. Do not the misfortunes of our best friends give us pleasure? With the trout he had before then shown himself *facile princeps*; but he evidently did not understand the grayling; “he had raised, he believed, very few, and most of those he had lost”; and, as we turned out our own well-filled basket on the grass, only a well-regulated mind could have borne the strain, and at that moment we regret to say his mind was not well regulated, nor was he soothed by our utterance of the appropriate but familiar quotation, *Æquum memento rebus in arduis Servare mentem*. Especial attention should be paid to the plate and description of grayling flies. For choice and in West-country streams Mr. Pritt's “cast,” alternated with Nos. 4 and 5 of Mr. Bradshaw's, would be perfection; from our own experience we could hardly believe in a cast without a “red-tag” for stretcher, and should prefer it dressed hackle-fashion and not winged. The notes upon worm-fishing are equally valuable; it is a branch of the science which, as the author very truly observes, “requires much more skill than might at first appear”; so much more, indeed, that his careful instructions are less reprehensible than they seem to be, for it is a grave question with the more advanced sportsmen whether the abstruser mysteries of the craft should be so openly disclosed. With another part of his teaching we are much more inclined to toleration—his discouragement of the use of the “grasshopper”; while we write, we think of a delightful stream, no matter where, in which we first learnt its use; and with equal sincerity and selfishness we hope that every one, except the reviewer himself, who in the future fishes that water may read and be influenced

by Mr. Pritt's opinions, and neglect or abandon a practice he so earnestly deprecates.

We cannot lay the book aside without a reference to the plates; with them, remembering the imperfection of all methods of reproduction, we think the author must himself be satisfied. The grayling on Plate I. could hardly have been more satisfactorily represented.

THE SURGEON'S HANDBOOK.*

THE original edition of this valuable work has been already introduced to the English student in an admirable translation by Mr. H. H. Clutton, of St. Thomas's Hospital. Were we writing for a medical journal we should have to make some remarks on the plethora of works on operative surgery which are teeming from the press, and fathered by some aspirant to future surgical honours. A few of these books are good, some indifferent, and many ridiculous. At any rate, something appears in print without the adequate strength of paternity. As we have before said, a surgical operator is born; a work on operative surgery can no more make an operator than reading Angelo, Danet, or Labat can make a fencer. But here we have the outcome of the vast experience, written late in life, of one of the first surgeons in Europe. To attempt to criticize its merits to a lay public would be out of place, but we may safely say that for the scientific reader it is undoubtedly the best work for technique that has appeared at all. Beautifully illustrated, well translated, very handy, bound in a limp leather cover, the practical surgeon has what he wants to refer to on the spur of the moment. It is dedicated to the German Empress Victoria, who is well known to take intense interest in the “treatment of the wounded in war,” as indeed she does in all cases of sickness, want, or suffering.

DONI OR BIDPAI†

EVERY lover of old books must be a debtor to Mr. Jacobs for his charming reprint of Sir Thomas North's first English version of the fables of Bidpai; and even the bibliophile need utter no sighs that his treasure should now become public property, for of the first edition of North but a single specimen exists—that of the Bodleian—and of the second edition also only one copy is to be found, and that in the British Museum. It is, therefore, somewhat astonishing that the work has not ere now obtained the honour of a reprint.

Sir Thomas North is chiefly known to fame as the translator of Plutarch; but his services in introducing “The Morall Philosophie of Doni” to English readers are by no means the least of his claims to literary immortality. His work, be it understood, does not profess to be a translation of the original “in the Indian tongue.” Doni, Bidpai, or Pilpai, Kalilah and Dimnah, Sendebār, or Vishnuçarman—the names alone show how far afield the fables had wandered before Sir Thomas took up his pen; and, to quote Mr. Jacobs's words, all we have here is “the English version of an Italian adaptation of a Spanish translation of a Latin version of a Hebrew translation of an Arabic adaptation of the Pehlevi version of the Indian original.” Be this as it may, and taking the work rather on its literary merits, it may broadly be said that, of an ancient book an ancient translation (or version) is, on the whole, the pleasanter reading. The antiquated vernacular seems more in harmony with the sayings “of the ancient Sages,” and preserves for us a flavour of the original that mostly evaporates in the modern (even if more exact) translation. The story of the passage of these Fables from East to West is sufficiently well known to dispense with its repetition in the present instance, and this more especially as an outline of their remarkable migrations was sketched in these columns when reviewing the late Mr. Keith Falconer's scholarly translation of the later Syriac version (*Saturday Review* for September 19, 1885). We need only remind our readers that the matter of tracing the pedigree of the Tales is rendered exceptionally difficult by the fact that the original Indian text is lost; and, though we find in India a Sanskrit version—known as the *Pantschatantra* (or “Pentateuch”)—this last is of later date than are some of the extant Western versions, and thus the oldest Indian text supplies us with a far more mutilated copy of the stories than that found, for instance, in the Old Syriac version or the collection given in the *Jatakas* or Buddhist Birth Stories.

An extremely interesting point has been raised by Mr. Jacobs with regard to the original illustrations of the Fables, which he essays to prove “were regarded as an integral part of the text, and were ‘translated,’ so to speak, along with it.” If the curious reader will proceed to the British Museum, and pause on the grand staircase to examine the bas-reliefs adorning its walls, he may note some friezes that have been brought from the Buddhist shrine of Amaravati in Southern India. Now the slabs of Amaravati are almost identical with those of Bharhut, which

* *The Surgeon's Handbook*. By Dr. F. V. Esmarch. Translated from the third German edition. By B. Farquhar Curtis, M.D. 647 woodcuts. An entirely new edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

† *The Earliest English Version of the Fables of Bidpai, “The Morall Philosophie of Doni.”* By Sir Thomas North, whilom of Peterhouse, Cambridge. Now again Edited and Introduced by Joseph Jacobs, late of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: David Nutt. 1888.

represent and have the titles of the Jatakas (Buddhist Birth Stories) inscribed above them; and, according to Indian archaeologists, these were sculptured round the sacred shrines as early as the third century A.D. Turning now to the other end of the argument, we find that the first editions of the Latin, German, and Spanish versions of the Bidpai Fables all contained illustrations; further that these versions (first printed in 1483 and 1493) merely reproduce the original Latin translation of John of Capua, called *Directorium vite humane*, made in 1270, from the Hebrew version of a certain Rabbi Joel written about 1250. Now, of R. Joel's work, one of the chief attractions to the public of his day consisted in its illustrations. This is proved by the envious utterances of his co-religionist Rabbi Isaac ibn Sahula, who, says Mr. Jacobs, "wrote in 1281 a goody goody collection of tales termed 'Tales of the Olden Time' (*Mashal Hakadmoni*) in order to wean the Jewish public from such books as *Kalilah wa Dimnah*, which he expressly mentions. He tells us he has added illustrations so that his book might be equally acceptable." Further, we have a list of the illustrations intended to adorn Rabbi Joel's Hebrew translation, to be inserted in the spaces left blank for the pictures (they never having been drawn) in the unique MS. of that work, and this Hebrew list corresponds almost identically with the plates given in the first edition of the *Directorium*, as likewise of the German and Spanish versions made upon it.

Going a step further back again, we find that Rabbi Joel must have translated his work direct from the Arabic version of *Kalilah wa Dimnah* which was produced about the year 750 A.D. by 'Abd Allah ibn al Mukaffa', a Persian who had embraced Islam, and who was therefore well able to render the antique Pehlevi of his forefathers into the literary Arabic of the Court of Bagdad, at which he flourished. And in the MSS. of the Arabic, of which many copies are preserved in the various public libraries of Europe, we again meet with almost identically the same illustrations as those which we found in R. Joel and John of Capua; and these, further, are the prototypes of the pictures seen in most MSS. of the Persian, Hindustani, and other Oriental versions common throughout the East down to the present day. To return, however, to the Arabic version of 750 A.D. On the authority of a certain learned Israelite, Abraham ibn Ezra by name, it would appear that, besides Ibn al Mukaffa's translation from the Pehlevi, there was another translation made direct from the Sanskrit, possibly by a Jew, or at any rate by some scholar who was Ibn al Mukaffa's contemporary at the Court of the Abbaside Khalif As Saffah. This theory of an independent translation into Arabic from Sanskrit, it may be noted by the way, is confirmed by the numerous and very remarkable variations occurring in the numerous extant Arabic MSS., and which would seem clearly to indicate the existence of two prototypes from which the present MSS. are descended. Ibn Ezra's account of the Arabic-Sanskrit version contains the following noteworthy reference to the illustrations of the Indian book:—

And there came men saying that there was in India a very mighty book on the secrets of government in the form of a fable placed in the mouths of dumb beasts, and in it many illustrations, for the book was greatly honoured in the eyes of the reader; and the name of the book was *Kalilah and Dimnah*.

In Mr. Jacobs's view we have here the connecting link between the illustrations as found in the Arabic, and thence the Hebrew, (R. Joel), Latin (John of Capua), and other versions—and the scenes illustrating identically the same stories (or fables) found in the Jatakas, or Buddhist Birth Stories, which are still to be seen sculptured round the sacred shrines, which sculptures date back to the third century B.C. In other words, the friezes from Amaravati, on the British Museum staircase, are one with the illustrative plates printed in John of Capua's *Directorium vite humane* of 1483 A.D., of which a copy may be seen in the Reading Room. Seventeen hundred years is a long lifetime for these pictures, and for a final judgment we must await the publication of the materials which Mr. Jacobs tells us he has collected of the various illustrations to the Gellert story as found in the MSS. and early editions. Meanwhile, readers may judge for themselves of the credibility of the theory by turning to the plate reproduced on p. lxiii of the present work, where it accompanies a translation of the *Baka Jataka*, and see "how exactly a design by a German artist of the fifteenth century can be made to illustrate a tale told probably by the Buddha nearly two thousand years before":—

No notice has hitherto been taken of this migration of illustrations, yet it may one day afford as interesting a chapter in the history of art as the Fables themselves have given to the history of literature. . . . These traditional illustrations may also be made to play an important part in the criticism of the Bidpai literature. They would serve as the readiest means of testing the affiliation of the texts. In particular, they may bring order into the confusion which now reigns as to the Arabic version. . . . We may thus determine the question whether there are not two distinct families of Arabic MSS. of the *Kalilah wa Dimnah*, one of which was derived directly from the Sanskrit by a Jewish Dragoman, according to the tradition given by Abraham ibn Ezra, which formed the starting-point of this long, but I hope not uninteresting or unimportant, digression.

Mr. Jacobs's new theory as to the longevity and migration of the pictures in Bidpai's Fables has taken more space than we had at first intended, and left but little in which to notice good Sir Thomas North's version of "the Morall Philosophie of Doni . . . imprinted at London by Henry Denham, 1570." The work, as Sir Thomas states on his title-page, was "first compiled in the Indian tongue," of which, as before noted, the excellent

knight was ignorant; he, however, had found it "reduced into divers other languages," and as now presented was by him "Englished out of Italian." North's version, as the present editor points out, bears on its face traces of the divers peregrinations undergone by it.

The appeal "to the Reader" is from the Italian. *The Prologue* appears first in Arabic, though the Tales therein come from the Indian source. *The Argument* must have been taken from the Pehlevi, while *The First Part*, which is a continuation of *The Argument*, and gives an abstract of the religious views held by "the high treasurer Berozias," is that in which the Buddhist element is most clearly predominant. In *The Second and Third Parts* only do we come on the earliest stratum of the old Indian Fables; and these correspond with the original stories preserved in the first book of the Sanskrit *Pantschatantra*. *The Fourth Part*, again, is purely Islamic, being an addition made by Ibn al Mukaffa' to his Arabian version. North's translation from the Italian, however, is all his own, and "very pleasant and compendious" reading is it; pungent and vigorous as is the Elizabethan English before euphuism became the fashion of a day. Had space allowed, we had wished to quote some of the stories with the quaint racy dialogues. Extracts, however, would give a poor show, and we can only refer the reader to the charming little volume itself, advising him, in Sir Thomas North's own words, "to reade thys Booke fro the beginning to the ende."

THE POEMS AND PROSE REMAINS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.*

THE appearance of a new and enlarged edition of the poems of Clough, with the memoir and pretty full selections from his scanty prose writings in a companion volume, both of convenient size, gives a very good opportunity for surveying briefly the work of a man who has been very variously judged, but who, it is pretty evident, has been something of an influence lately. Clough, who has been called by a limping lampooner "the father of all such as take an interest in Robert Elsmere," and who was to some extent the prototype of Robert Elsmere himself, has always been greatly *prôné* by a certain not unimportant clique of University wits. But it is, we confess, with something like surprise that we see from a note in this edition that it is the twelfth of his poems that has appeared since his death, and that by far the larger number of these reprints are of quite recent issue. Four editions sufficed, it would seem, for the consumption of the first fifteen years; but from 1877 to the present year, both inclusive, only three years have passed without a fresh impression. This is a fact which, take it how we may, is not to be neglected. A volume of poems by a dead man, not recently dead, and on subjects for the most part of no apparent general interest, without any particular graces of form or anything that can be called strong poetic inspiration, does not go through eight editions in eleven years, half a generation after its author's life is closed, without corresponding to some definite, if passing, appetite, taste, disease, or whatever *libentius audit*, of the day and time.

The thing is the more remarkable that the most careful reading of Clough (and we have taken pains on this occasion to read or re-read him as a whole) fails to show him to an impartial critic as a man of very great, or even of great, power in any one direction. Something has been said of his verse already, and this something can be easily and not tediously amplified into a sufficient judgment. It is essentially the verse of a clever and thoroughly well-educated man, not unpoetically minded, and with strong velleities towards poetry, but without any special, and certainly without the least original, poetical faculty either of conception or execution. The "Boothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," independently of its composition in the ugly, shambling *pastiche* of a hexameter which had such an inexplicable interest for the men of the middle of this century, is little more than a commonplace mixture of University "gup," as they would say in India, and of the misty Radicalism of 1849. The famous bathing-pool piece, so constantly quoted, is no doubt a good, indeed a fine, piece of description; but there the poetical value of the thing pretty well begins and ceases. "Amours de Voyage" takes up the hexameter again, and applies it with certainly not greater success to that kind of novel in verse which (though some practitioners of distinction, such as the late Mrs. Browning and the living Lord Lytton, have favoured it) is not a good kind, and Clough's is not good in its kind. The tales of "Mari Magno" are, for the most part, written in verse pedestrian below the level of the worst part of *The Angel in the House*, and not above *Doctor Syntax*. *Dipsychus*, the last of the larger poems, stands no doubt a little higher. It is, except *Manfred*, the most distinct in conception of the numerous imitations of *Faust*; but the first part is monotonous, except for its inequality, and there is such a mere fragment of the second that it is impossible to judge how Clough would have succeeded in a more complicated and ambitious venture. The poem, however, contains his most powerful work, except "Easter Day," from which *Dipsychus* in a manner takes its start, and a very few shorter pieces, such as "Quâ Cursum Ventus" (the finest stanzas

* *The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough*. New edition, with Additions. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

of which are known to all from their quotation in *Tom Brown*, and the smart "Latest Decalogue," which shows that, if Clough had had a healthier mind, he might have been more considerable as a satirist than he ever could have been as a serious poet. We anticipate the indignant interruption of Cloughomanics, to the effect that it is the thought, not the expression, that they admire; but we shall come to that presently. Meanwhile, we may complete our own criticism by observing that Clough is always an echo. Longfellow, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Emerson, ring by turns on the ear trained to detect such ringing; and his letters contain the very best bit of imitated Carlylese we know, with hardly the exception of the *jeux d'esprit* of Mr. Alexander and Dr. Stirling. But this last, of course, is intentional parody; the poetical echoes clearly are not.

In prose proper Clough cuts even a less distinguished figure. His letters are very interesting, but not by any means as the letters of a great man are. They convey their matter pleasantly, and the matter (such as the Paris Revolution of '48 and the Siege of Rome, at both of which Clough was present) is often good in itself. Moreover, they contain many unconscious and, therefore, half-ludicrous and half-pathetic glimpses of the fatal priggishness which Arnold impressed on his pupils, and which characterized the whole of what has been called the Rugby-Balliol set, to a very recent period, if not to the present day. Out of letters his prose work is very small indeed. He rather prided himself on his inability to write upon subjects selected for him, or to select subjects for himself, which inability ended in his leaving by way of an *opus magnum* nothing but a patching-up of old translations of Plutarch. One or two papers in English literature, here reprinted, are very sound in general view, as well as carefully and well written. But they are infinitesimal in bulk, of little distinction in expression, and showing neither any very fixed principles in criticism nor any wide knowledge of literature beyond the school classics and English itself. None of Clough's prose is either in originality or in expression beyond what may be called good Fellowship-essay standard, and, whether of that standard or any other, there is exceedingly little.

It is clear therefore that, putting aside altogether the mere clique interest above referred to, which has been long exhausted or at a low ebb, it must be something different from literary accomplishment which is admired in Clough; and, arguing from facts instead of to them, there is no doubt whatever that this is the case. Clough, as has been hinted jestingly above, was almost the first to formulate, if not to feel, that irreligious religiosity which was the rebound of the Tractarian movement at home and the neo-Catholic movement abroad, and which has produced Amiels and Robert Elsmere and other doleful creatures in fact or in fiction. He gave *éclat* to it by his resignation of his fellowship, and he lived on it in the literary sense all the rest of his life. With regard to the resignation, Clough himself, to do him justice, makes very little fuss, and though we desire to do every credit to his unquestioned rectitude, no very great fuss need have been made by any one. The fellowship would have expired of itself in a few months; he was avowedly sick to death of his Oxford duties, and anxious to get rid of them, and he was not only (unlike some friends of his who are dead, and one or two who are alive) too honest a man to take orders without believing, but also, belief apart, he evidently disliked the notion of a clergyman's life. His emancipation, no doubt, threw him loose on the world; but not more than if he had made a love match. He was very soon picked up and made comfortable with a Government appointment, and even before this, and before his short appointment as head of University Hall, he was so far from being in any straits for subsistence that he could spend the best part of two years either in foreign travel or in staying comfortably at home and writing the "Boothie." This is not very severe mortification for conscience' sake. However, he had behaved like a gentleman, and not like certain deans, vice-chancellors, and so forth, and he had an ample reward in reputation not alone among persons of his own kidney.

That kidney is, we regret to say, the kidney of "second-rate sensitive minds," as a famous title has it, and we fear that the popularity of Clough just now shows that second-rate, or anything down to hundredth-rate minds, which would like to seem sensitive, are uncommonly plentiful with us. It was as natural to Clough to maugher about faith and the soul as it is to some people to maugher about their livers and to others to maugher about their salvation. In all his writing, prose and verse, on the subject, no valid objection to Christianity is ever once formulated. He allows over and over again that it satisfies him morally in the widest sense. In a remarkable document, the most important by far of his prose work, which is supposed to express his very latest thoughts, he makes further admissions in the orthodox sense, and, what is more, he makes strictures on his fellows the undogmatic religionists which are quite destructive of any form of rationalism. If he was not orthodox, we fear the reason must be sought in three things—that he was morbidly sensitive; that his intellect, though acute, was far from robust; and that he was deeply tainted with the priggish bumpiousness aforesaid, the bumpiousness which insists that everything must be made clear to it. He says somewhere that "he must not sin against his own soul by perverting his reason." He might as well have said that it is sinning against a foot-rule to acknowledge the existence of the Infinite. Of this bumpiousness there are many proofs here. When he tells his sister that "he does not care a straw" about missing his first, he talks, even for a clever disappointed boy of

twenty-two, intolerable nonsense. If it was not true, he was a silly prig for saying it; and, if it was true, he was a sillier for thinking so. Years afterwards, when he was a man of nearly thirty, he says that some think him at times almost a Puseyite; but "he could be provoked to send out a flood of lava boiling hot amidst their flowery ecclesiastical fields and parterres." This is having a good conceit of oneself, and also "talking book," with a vengeance.

To a man of this kind Christianity is necessarily unsatisfactory, exactly because of its very highest qualities. He measures Christ by Clough, finds that the measure is not long enough, and is at once sure that there must be something wrong—as, indeed, no doubt there was, though not in the direction he thought. But being, with all his vanity, an honest and in a way devout creature, he expresses his discomfort in his *Dipsychus* and his "Easter-Day," and all his other little introspective moanings and groanings. It does not appear, to do him justice, that—like his friend, and in many ways magnified double, the late Mr. Matthew Arnold—he ever patronized religion, or was ever quite satisfied with the state of things in which he found himself. But, with this difference, he was very much Mr. Arnold's "moon." He was vastly his inferior in poetical and critical faculty and in power of work; his inferior also immensely in appreciation of the joy of living, in wit, and in flexibility.

But these very inferiorities, it would seem, give him an additional attraction for the other second-rate sensitive minds, the other morbid egotists who, a hundred years ago, would have been Calvinists, either certain of their salvation or certain of their damnation, who are now dogmatic unreligionists or undogmatic religionists, and who never at any time could either acquiesce in simple and humble faith or rise to the serene and saner conception of philosophical Christianity.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE recent death of M. Nisard would of itself attract attention to his *Souvenirs et notes* (1), written, or rather prepared for publication, seven years ago, when the author had already attained a very advanced age. The portrait which serves as frontispiece is a very fine one, and exhibits a face much more English than French. Yet the sometime foe of Romanticism—a foe by no means unworthy of it and altogether better than his form of creed, or rather than the form of creed commonly attributed to him—was a Frenchman to the core. The only thing in which he differs from the typical literary Gaul of the generations when 1830 was not, in so far as this book is concerned, is the absence of anything like a set plan in it. The one thing in which it slightly transgresses general literary principles is that it is not only unmethodical (which matters little), but in parts somewhat—what shall we say? We hardly know; for egotistical is not quite the word. The author dwells on old books and old articles of his own, admitting faults in them for the most part, it is true, but with rather too serene a confidence that all the world knows what he is talking about. But this is a venial fault. The book is, it is hardly necessary to say, extremely well written, and contains interesting reminiscences of all sorts of people. One story of Burgaud des Marets, the editor of Rabelais, deserves notice, because it exhibits a not too common reparation for a far too common fault. Burgaud, after the manner of specialists, few of whom but must cry *mea culpa* in this matter, looked, it seems, at the Rabelais part of M. Nisard's *History*, found—as might be expected—that the author had made some blunders, and, also after the specialist's habit, concluded offhand that the whole book was worthless. But, not after the manner of specialists, he had the justice to take it up again, read the other parts, and rapidly modified his judgment. Which let us, all of us that are critics and specialists, pray that we may go and do likewise.

Colonel Frey's *History of the French campaign of 1885-6* (2), at the "back of beyond," on the upper waters of the Senegal and Niger, is a good specimen of an account of a "little war." The author, a full colonel in that excellent colonial army to which the French give the name of *infanterie de marine*, not only writes with no Chauvinism, but at the end of his book distinctly deprecates a forward policy, and speaks with anything but enthusiasm of the policy of colonial extension generally.

The principle of giving whole volumes to single battles appears to be too well established to make protests against it of the slightest use. Anybody who likes it will find a sufficiently readable example (subject, Sedan) in M. Bastard's (3) book.

We do not often notice translations of English works, but a version of the late Mr. Green's *History of the English People* (4), executed by one of the well-known Monod family, and edited by another, may deserve the exception of a mention.

There have been persons who wrote, and wrote well, the plays

(1) *Souvenirs et notes biographiques*. Par D. Nisard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Campagnes dans le haut Sénégal et dans le haut Niger*. Par le Colonel H. Frey. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Un jour de bataille*. Par George Bastard. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Histoire du peuple anglais*. Par J. R. Green. Traduite de l'Anglais par A. Monod, et précédée d'une introduction par Gabriel Monod. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

they acted, but we fear we can hardly include Mme. Sarah Bernhardt (5) among them. It is, indeed, not improbable that the lady's well-known talents would display themselves in the part of the heroine who has the pleasant task of confessing to her husband that the child he has thought his own is in fact his nephew's—the result of what is now, we believe, politely, and idiotically, called a forcible seduction. But the plot, besides being preposterously painful, is ill managed; the catastrophe (the death of the infant), regarded not only as a *jugement de Dieu*, but as closing of the whole situation, is like thereunto, and the style follows suit. Nothing grieves us more than to apply unkind terms to the work of ladies, and we shall not attempt to apply any English phrase to such a speech as "Vos larmes coulant jusque dans l'éternité ne pourront laver la plaie béante de mon cœur arraché." But, if we were writing French ourselves, we should call it *galimatias*.

Two pretty little books have been added to M. Dupret's pretty little series (6). They are not much more than articles separately reprinted; but they are good.

The witty representative of the French branch of the Bloundell Bloundell family (he is, we are sure, free from the weaknesses of an English kinsman of his) continues to be the Dunois, as "Gyp" is the Joan of Arc, of the crusade for good French gaiety against bad Zolaist dullness. He is, indeed, the inferior of his great and amiable captainship in skill and in taste, some of the papers here (7) being the merest society journalism, while others are very questionable in point of good manners. But yet others—such as "Malheureux au jeu," "A vendre ou à louer," "Le sauveur"—are, in their naughtiness, but not nasty, way capitally hit off.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MANY hard things have been said of political economy, but it is doubtful if anything could be more depressing to the disengaged mind than Mr. John Kells Ingram's succinct and useful review of the subject, *A History of Political Economy* (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black). The book itself is accurate in statement, and, as a summary of the growth and development of economic theories, is fairly inclusive, and without bias. Mr. Ingram observes with much force that the present condition of political economy is unfavourable to the production of new dogmatic treatises. Political economy is now in a transitional state. Transition is favourable to retrospect, says Mr. Ingram, and a survey of the whole field of economic theories may well prove useful, especially as there exists a widespread dissatisfaction with the "orthodox or classical" teachings of economic science. Mr. Ingram's historical retrospect does not tend to strengthen the position of those who regard political economy as a science. Theories acclaimed as scientific in one age and exploded in another make but a melancholy record. The truth of the fathers of the sciences becomes the barren platitude or most transparent fallacy of their inheritors. Quesnay and Turgot sowed and watered; Adam Smith reaped abundantly, to be himself threatened with substitution in these days. Condorcet inspired Godwin, and Godwin was prettily mauled by Malthus. Harriet Martineau was not the only writer whose robust faith in Ricardo suffered dissolution in the end. That illustrious oracle of the *Edinburgh*, J. R. McCulloch, once a bright and shining light to Manchester, is already nothing but a name of questionable import. However sceptical we may be as to the science—and there is excellent authority for regarding it as purely fictitious—there is, unhappily, no room for doubting the exceeding weight of the literature of political economy. From Adam Smith to Fawcett and Stanley Jevons, Mr. Ingram surveys and contrasts the more considerable portion of it. More than this, he goes back to the happy times when men loved not formulas—to the Middle Ages, to the Greeks and the Romans, who, it seems, knew little of the "wages fund," and were deplorably ignorant of the laws of supply and demand.

The volume of selections from Sir Edwin Arnold's poetry entitled *Poems, National and Non-Oriental* (Trübner & Co.), appeals to the most diverse tastes. It is admirably representative of the author's lyrical faculty, and loses nothing in this respect by the exclusion of the Oriental idylls and poems translated or adapted from the Sanskrit by which Sir Edwin Arnold is perhaps more popularly known. As a selection, the volume shows unusual care and discrimination. It comprises some new poems, in addition to many old favourites sure of welcome by all lovers of poetry. First among these must be named the beautiful poem, "He and She," a poem of exquisite fancy and haunting pathos. All who have once read this know how abiding is the impression of its ethereal grace and emotional power, while those who know it not will prize the volume that contains it. Unlike "He and She," the majority of the remaining poems are dated, and may be easily traced to their original volumes. Here are the two well-known idylls from Theocritus, the fine version of the "Nencia" of Lorenzo de' Medici, "The Feast of Belshazzar"—the Newdigate prize poem of 1853, the delightful "Stratford Pilgrims" written in 1856. Altogether the book will gratify

more persons than those whose mistaken views of Sir Edwin Arnold as exclusively an Orientalist in poetry suggested its compilation.

It were superfluous to commend the inimitable *Nonsense Songs and Stories* of Edward Lear (Warne & Co.), of which the sixth edition is before us. Everybody knows, or ought to know, how good it is to fly to the hills of the Chankly Bore and desolate Gromboolia with those surprising natives the Oblong Oysters, the diverting Jumbies and the Dong with the Luminous Nose. All the original cuts reappear, it is pleasant to note, and the music—that of the "Pelicans" and that to the lovely descant on the courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bô.

How to Judge of a Picture, by John C. Van Dyke (New York: Phillips & Hunt), is an eminently practical guide for the un instructed, such as the average sightseer at the Academy grievously wants. Common sense is the note of the book. It is intended for ordinary ignorant folk, not for the superior person; it is written from a painter's standpoint rather than that of the professional critic. Much of it might be an instructional application of the more valuable aphorisms in the *Impressions on Painting*, by M. Alfred Stevens.

For the "Canterbury Poets" Mr. George Eyre-Todd edits the *Poems of Ossian*, translated by James Macpherson (Walter Scott), and is a firm believer in the Celtic bard. He thinks, and we agree with him, that the poems were obviously written by one man. But that man was Ossian, says Mr. Eyre-Todd. There are people who continue to believe, despite Mr. Skeat, that the Rowley Poems were "written by the good priest Thomas Rowley," so it is not surprising to find an editor who believes in Ossian. "More than two thousand years ago," says Mr. Eyre-Todd, "in Athens Peisistratus gathered and pieced together the fragments of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Does it seem impossible that the same office should fall to be done in the eighteenth century for a Homer of the North?" He does not explain how, if the office fell to be done by Macpherson, the so-called "Gaelic originals," which Dr. Johnson was so eager to see, were not produced till 1805.

Mr. Lewis Castle's *Flower Gardening for Amateurs* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is a careful elementary handbook, with a good calendar of operations and a capital section devoted to the building and management of small greenhouses.

A reprint of the first Liturgy of the Church of England—*The First Prayer-book of Edward VI.* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)—is the latest addition to the "Ancient and Modern Theological Library." This interesting book is a copy of one of three or four editions printed by Richard Grafton, and is dated March 1549.

We have received the *Life of the Emperor William*, by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch (Nisbet & Co.); *Ballads and other Poems*, being Vol. VI. of the new edition of Lord Tennyson's works (Macmillan & Co.); *A Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada*, by John George Bourinot, LL.D. (Montreal: Dawson); *Dickens's Dictionary of London*, 1888 (Macmillan & Co.); the *Official Guide to the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway* (Cassell & Co.); and *Leslie's Tourist's Guide to the Highlands* (Perth: Leslie), which is issued at one penny, illustrated with cuts and maps and full of useful information.

The June number of *Men and Women of the Day* (Bentley & Son) comprises three admirable portraits of Mr. Browning, Mme. Marie Roze, and the Bishop of Liverpool, all of them worthy of Mr. Barraud's reputation in photography.

The Glasgow Exhibition is described and illustrated in a "special number" of the *Art Journal* (Virtue & Co.) The wonderful archaeological collection in the Bishop's Castle is somewhat scantily treated, if compared with the space devoted to the Industrial and Fine Arts sections of the Exhibition.

Mr. Rider Haggard's exciting, if not altogether pleasing, story, "Mr. Meeson's Will," forms the "Summer Number" of the *Illustrated London News*, and is illustrated by Messrs. G. Montbard and A. Forestier.

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(5) *L'aveu*. Drame par Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Paris: Ollendorf.
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